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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—RETURN OF CITY PEOPLE ON MONDAY MORNING FROM A SUNDAY'S AIRING IN THE COUNTRY—A SCENE AT A JERSEY FERRY.—  
THE ARRIVAL OF THE BOAT.—SKETCHED BY MATT MORGAN.—SEE PAGE 379.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
337 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
NEW YORK, AUGUST 23, 1873.

On Monday, September 1st,  
WILL BE PUBLISHED THE FIRST NUMBER OF  
**FRANK LESLIE'S**  
**Boys of America.**  
SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED.  
SPLENDIDLY PRINTED.

#### SENATOR CAMERON.

**S**IMON CAMERON, of Pennsylvania, is pre-eminently the representative politician of this country. It is more than half a century since he began his political career, but whether as Democrat or as Republican, it has been consistent with itself. As a matter of course, he always was a protectionist. Outside of this one issue, it is difficult to say whether he ever had any political opinions—it is certain that at no time did he have political convictions. But Cameron always was a party man—a slave as well as an overseer of the party to which he belonged. With him anything is good that he believes to be for the good of the Republican Party. He has even been heard to say that he would forsake Grant if it were not for the party. It is not impossible that he would even sacrifice the Republic to the party. He certainly looked with great complacency during the recent presidential election upon the influence of the money power of the country in politics. "It is a new element," he said, with a chuckle, "and it must exert great power in favor of General Grant." Secretly hating Grant, he rejoiced at everything which helped to keep Grant in office, simply because Grant's remaining in office perpetuated the Republican Party.

There is an idiosyncrasy in this singular devotion to party of which it is easy to mistake the meaning. Simon Cameron is a partisan not merely because he is a politician, but because he is true to himself. If he attempted to be a statesman he would not be himself. In mind, in temperament and in his surroundings, he is essentially a politician. He is narrow in intellect, but he possesses Scotch cunning and craft in an eminent degree. He is cold in manner, but he never throws an old friend away as useless rubbish. He is unscrupulous in the extreme, but he treads all charges of corruption under his feet as unworthy of his attention. When he was a very young man he paid the Winnebago Indians, whose agent he was, their annuity in the almost worthless notes of his own Middletown Bank. Thus it was that he came to be called the great Winnebago Chief of Pennsylvania, but the Democrats elected him to the United States Senate, notwithstanding. For nearly thirty years, except for short intervals, he has held a seat in that body. The Republican Party is so strong, and his power over the Republican Party of Pennsylvania so paramount, that he is not compelled to commit a crime to retain his place, but in what we are apt to call the pure era of the Republic he committed a hundred offenses to gain power and make friends.

In 1845 the Democrats elected him to the Senate, knowing him to be corrupt. In 1857 he defeated Colonel Forney by his celebrated purchase of Lebo, Manear, and Wagonseller, three Democratic members of the Legislature. All this was before the epoch of political corruption, before the Republican Party had acquired strength and prestige, before the war. Last Winter, Caldwell of Kansas was driven from his seat for an offense like Cameron's sin against Forney, and his outrage on the liberties of his country and the honor of his State. Nobody moved to expel Cameron, and when he resigned his place it was to become Secretary of War under Lincoln. His actions in the short time he held that office—it is well known that he shed tears when he was required to retire—are astounding even when compared with subsequent events. So he lived and grew old, strengthening his power daily by unceasing, untiring effort, and he is to-day, as we have already said, the wily and unblushing representative of the worst class of American politicians.

Simon Cameron is an old man. He was born before the Nineteenth Century. He is working now as if he expected it would die before him. But we cannot help asking ourselves the question, What urges this old chap to pursue his evil work so steadily? Why, after corrupting his State, is he seeking also to corrupt his country? He is old enough now to forego the pleasures of his youth and cease carrying elections unjustly. We think it would be good for the country should he assume a virtue though he have it not, and as it is not necessary for him to buy his own way into the Senate, to prevent other men from doing it. It is useless, however, to make any appeals of this kind to Simon Cameron. He loves the sins which gave him a career, and he will persist in cherishing them. This hard, gaunt old man is a skeleton of death in

the midst of life, and we can expect nothing better from him than that, as he goes stalking in and out among the present generation of politicians, he will teach them the tricks of his own successful but infamous career.

#### ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

**O**NE of the best of modern playwrights, a master of dramatic effect, laid down as a fundamental principle that the plot of a good drama must be interpreted by action. Language alone, however clear and concise, he considered inadequate to tell the story. Therefore, everything that was talked of in the play was also done. The money to be stolen was first seen in the possession of its owner; it was stolen from him before the footlights, not behind the scenes, and when the thief was finally arrested—as in moral plays such rascals always are—the money was found upon his person. This was to make the sequence of events plain to the most ignorant man in the theatre, and to every one did make it clearer than if these things had merely been narrated. It is a just theory, and it is principally to his thorough knowledge of it that Mr. Boucicault owes his success as a dramatist.

A similar principle lies at the foundation of illustrated journalism. The illustrated paper bears the same relation to the non-illustrated, that Shakespeare performed upon the stage bears to Shakespeare merely read in a book. In the one case the reader only imagines an action; in the other he sees it. A description of an event or a thing must be very good indeed, if it conveys a distinct and accurate image to the mind. It is a common mistake to overrate the power of language to describe, and it arises from the profound impression that well-chosen words make upon the mind. Thus, even intelligent admirers of poetry would be likely to consider Byron's celebrated description of a storm among the Alps as "a perfect picture." But in reality it is not a picture at all, but simply produces a pictorial effect—two very different things. So with Tennyson's description of the Land of the Lotos-eaters, in which the features of the scenery are detailed with unusual elaboration. We will quote the second stanza:

"A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,  
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;  
And some through waving lights and shadows broke,  
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.  
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,  
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
Stood sunset flushed: and, dewed with flowery drops,  
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse."

This is beautiful and clear, but no two readers will construct from it the same scene. A hundred artists, choosing it as a subject for illustration, will produce a hundred pictures each unlike the others, and they will all be different from the picture the poet had in his mind when writing. Thus, it will be seen how inadequate words are to convey distinct ideas of things; and, to descend from poetry to the police court, we may illustrate this argument more practically. A large reward was recently offered for a forger, who was carefully described from head to foot in the advertisement published by the detectives, as follows:

"Horton is about 40 years old, 5 feet 7 to 8 inches high, weighs 180 pounds, erect, broad-shouldered, pretty full-chested, rather corpulent, sallow complexion, possibly flushed from heavy drinking, rather small black eyes, heavy black eyebrows, short black hair, short side whiskers and mustache, very slightly sprinkled with gray; hair thin on the forehead; rather prominent nose, high bridge; good teeth; generally good features; short thick neck."

How many men would not answer to the details of this description, and how difficult it is to form from it a clear idea of the man's personal appearance? But above the description was printed a well-engraved portrait of Horton, and this at once enlightened the public. With the portrait and the description together, no one in search of the man could fail to recognize him among fifty thousand people in Broadway or in the Strand.

Illustrated journalism, therefore, cannot be dispensed with in giving the reader's mind distinct images of events. This explanation of ours needs no illustration, for it deals only with ideas; but if we were treating of an event, a boat-race, or a great trial, what labor it would require with words alone to make the public understand! It is because words alone convey such vague impressions, that after an event has been fully published in the great daily papers, hundreds of thousands of people turn to our columns to see it faithfully depicted, and until they do see, their imagination of its character must be inaccurate. Nothing can supply the want of exact illustration, and the enormous and rapidly increasing demand for illustrated papers is not merely because the people like to look at pleasing pictures, but because they depend upon the information which pictures furnish for a clear comprehension of the news of the day and world.

This necessity results in bringing illustrated journalism into closer connection with the news. A popular pictorial paper must keep up with the interest of the times, and constantly reflect, as in a mirror, the moving, changing life around it. If it is two or three weeks behind the day, the people pass it by in the onward rush of this fast age we live in. The true principle is to present a faithful picture of the latest events, and the most suc-

cessful journal is that which has the best judgment in selecting subjects, and is the quickest in giving them to the public. Feats of enterprise are possible now in consequence of the improvement in the mechanical arts, which a few years ago would have excited general astonishment, but they are now so common as to be taken as matters of course. In proportion to the growth of the appreciation and taste of the public must be the energy and skill of the paper, for the public is not indifferent, and will not submit to be disappointed. It is eager, exacting, and dependent upon illustrated journalism for the most satisfactory information. If New York should be burned down to-morrow we should have to represent the disaster, and if this establishment should be consumed, we would be expected gloomily to portray our own destruction, to satisfy the curiosity of our readers.

#### LAWYERS AND MERCHANTS IN POLITICS.

**T**HE Editor of the Milwaukee *Journal of Commerce* has published a thoughtful article, in which, with singular clearness and elegance of style, he asserts that the day of the lawyer in politics has gone by, and that of the merchant has come. Much that he says is told with so great force, that we are likely to think for a moment that his antitheses are truths. Of the lawyer, he says, "He is the interpreter between the past and the future; he is not the agent of the present. He is the student of theories and precedent, not the man of action and affairs. His genius is contemplative, not executive." The nation is gloriously made by lawyers, he thinks. It has been constructed; but as it is a commercial nation, its powers must now be executed by merchants.

We are far from disparaging the abilities of American merchants: but we are sorry it has been discovered by Northwestern genius that the country which Burke thought was more interested in the law than any other, should have been molded by its lawyers into a nation fit to be ruled over only by shopkeepers. Mr. Chittenden forgets, when he imputes our national disgraces to men like Morton, Conkling, Howe, Carpenter and Butler, that these men were not so greatly lawyers as they were politicians; and it is possible that Grant has been ruined, not "by his legal," but by his political advisers. Besides, since the first day of Grant's rule, he has forsaken the counsel of the greatest lawyers, in order to consult with opulent merchants. He appointed A. T. Stewart to the Treasury, in direct violation of the Constitution, and Adolph Borie to the Navy, though Borie was not able to do a day's work.

Our great merchants have seldom been great legislators. Their business training has been in direct opposition to political progress; and our State Legislatures have never more disastrously failed than they have in the years when they have been filled with country storekeepers. We can never measure legislation by the yard, nor guide civilization by the pound. It is true that Ricardo was a banker as well as a political economist; that Grote was a banker and a publicist; and that the man who gave us postal-cards and the abolishment of the franking abuse—John Hill—is a country storekeeper. But it is also true that Oakes Ames, William M. Tweed, Richard B. Connolly, Senator Pomeroy and Zack Chandler belong to the mercantile class. Furthermore, our great financial geniuses have been Alexander Hamilton and Salmon P. Chase, both lawyers, who died comparatively poor.

Let us not be in too great haste to carry Wall Street to Washington. The questions before us in the future require a genius warmer and more powerful than that of Morgan or Havemeyer or Gould. But it is not the genius of the lawyer any more than that of the merchant. It is the genius of the man who is able and independent and honest enough to interpret the new social movements—to give them the smack and flavor that Thackeray could give to commonplace ideas, and that Seward gave to the "irrepressible conflict."

We some years ago saw the student-editor of the *World* propounding nearly the same problem, and he believed that the Slavery Question had led us to study Constitutional law, but that in the future we should give our attention to political economy. The Milwaukee editor personifies the statement, and replaces the lost lawyer with the living shopkeeper. Both came near to the truth. The future problem is that of a change from law to trade; but it goes deeper than the shop. It goes to the questions raised by Horace Greeley a quarter of a century ago. The conflict is to be social. How shall wealth compromise with hunger, without surrendering to brutality? How shall the opulent merchant pacify the wretch who is starved, but muscular? What is the ultimate result of the trade strike, in which the *Tribune* says, "Capital could remain idle. Labor could not"? How is there to be a compromise by which Capital can no more remain idle than Labor? "Where," in the language of the foremost radical of America, "shall we get a statesmanship which shall show us how we can allow money corporations to exist—for they are indispensable—and yet secure the independence of Legis-

latures and leave republican liberty possible?" These are the questions that lie inert, but living, in the cocoon of the future. While Mr. Groesbeck electrifies the country with the declaration, made in these columns a few weeks ago, that party names are dead; while Mr. Forsyth is telling the South not to depend upon cotton; while the West is wondering whether corn is economical fuel—the men who toil are discovering that the holy horror with which the merchants of the country regarded Mr. Greeley's financial problems was a holy humbug, and that the dear old Socialist was wiser in his generation than all Wall Street combined.

#### EDITORIAL TOPICS.

CARL SCHURZ is in the Tyrol, taking his Tyrol-case.

A DEBATE on Phrenology is announced. Well, this is the season for skulling matches.

TURKEY has a new novelist, said to be equal to Dickens. Let Turkey have him. Dickens is one of the Boz for us.

PEOPLE well-to-do are now filling their coal-bins. Poor folks must be content with their cellars where the coal has been.

WE cannot make room for the communication on the Rendering Nuisance. We admit, however, that it is an offal affair.

WHEN the East River Bridge is finished Venice will lose one of its honors, for then New York will have the real Bridge of Sise.

MUSQUITOES have appeared in England. When they fill themselves with the blue blood of the nobility, they will be bloated aristocrats.

A BACK-PAY Congressman being asked by his constituents to go up Salt River, said he did not like that line of steamers. No; it is saline.

FRED HUDSON used to manage the *Herald* from ten o'clock, A.M. until three o'clock, P.M., and from 10 P.M., until 1 A.M. So his health failed.

A MASSACHUSETTS Republican paper says that "Butler is stirring up a difficulty in the party." Is not this allusion to stirring suggestive of spoons?

A BOY in Hartford went into school on Monday with another lad, named Duke, on his shoulders. He went home with the prints of whales on his back.

A MALICIOUS person wrote "B. P. G." after the name of a noted M. C. on one of our hotel registers, the other day. It was figured out to mean Back Pay Grabber.

CHARLES A. DANA over a year ago proposed Groesbeck for the Presidency. Then the country did not know Mr. Groesbeck. Now he seems to be the coming man.

THE Chairman of the Ohio Democratic Convention said, "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders." We hope this is not a confession that the old fellows are buried alive.

A MAN named Motley has been appointed weigher in the Custom House. "Motley's the only wear," says Shakespeare; but there are several other weighers besides Motley.

A POOR vegetable-vendor under the influence of liquor attempted suicide early this week. He thought the most appropriate way was to cut the carrot-id artery, which he did.

CRITICISING the Democratic platform in Ohio, an exchange says "the latter part goes backward like a lobster." The last clause of this Democratic lobster is too biting for the Republicans.

A CLERK in a store was arrested on Wednesday for stealing a dozen boxes of collars. They were turn-downs. His employer refused to prosecute, as he was in hopes they would turn up.

NOWADAYS every person must win fame in one of two ways—have a horse named after him, or write a novel. Ben. Butler, H. W. Beecher, Colonel Higginson, and Olive Logan are said to be writing novels.

ONE of our city editors wrote an article on the "Base Ball Field." What should the printer do but set it up "Base Ball Field;" and many readers of the paper did not think it was much of an error, either.

THE latest news from Massachusetts convinces us that General Butler is to be the next Governor. Smartness is a rare quality in Massachusetts, and Butler seems to have a monopoly of smartness and bunting.

WE never thought that it was a paying business to fool much with an angry dog. Mr. Lewis Robinson thought differently one day last week. He is now an honest convert to our opinion, for ever since he has been unable to count more than four fingers on his left hand, although he has tried several times.

A MAN who disappeared several years ago, from Chicago, returned there last week to find his wife married to another man. He retired in good order. This is the second case of the kind we have heard from Chicago. Chicago is called the Garden City, but if this thing is going to continue, we shall have to call it the Enoch Arden City.

It was rather a mean act in the young man who, to get his fruit for nothing, went around among the old applewomen's stands sampling their goods, pretending that he was appointed



by the Board of Health to search for unripe fruit. It is something to his credit, perhaps, that he gave every one of them certificates that their fruit was all of the best.

ARROPOS of General Banks being the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, a New England paper says: "He is our salvation. If we would cross the political Jordan, we must have the Bobbin Boy." Yes; certainly. It would be delightful to hear Butler singing.

"Near Jordan's stormy Banks I stand,  
And cast a wistful eye."

THERE is something grotesque and humorous in the manner of the Fourth Ward rough who wants to pick a muss with the newest stranger from the country. Walking up to him, he says, "You want to fight me, do you?" The startled countryman replies, "No," when the rough, not to be beaten, squares off, and suggests, "So, I'm a liar, am I?" and licks him for impeaching his truthfulness.

MR. WATKINSON'S influence in American journalism is beginning to be felt. The phrases of the Southwest have reached New York, and in time will startle Boston. The æsthetic Willie Winter, of the *Tribune*, says that a certain man is as busy as the devil, and the chaste *World* speaks of a young lady—a myth of the *World* office—whose name is Miss Bellie Ache. And did we not last Winter hear the elegant Congressman Bingham call another Congressman a fool?

The new postal law has had a good effect in our own office, at least. We have never had so full, so regular, or so good an exchange list as we have now. Editors, somehow, are giving more attention to their mails; they are exchanging notes; and there is both more satisfaction and more regularity in the exchange service. To the eye of the lover of journalism, our morning mail, with its papers extending from the *Portland Transcript* to the *Mobile Register*, and thence to the *Minneapolis Tribune* and *San Francisco Alta*, is something neat and systematic.

The picture on our open page this week, showing life "On the Beach at Long Branch," hardly requires an extended description. It tells its own pictorial story. There is something truthful in the manner of the artist that affords a charm far beyond the limits of prose; and every Long Branch visitor will see on our pages what he has already seen in the life. The young lady with her shy little sister has never been so faithfully portrayed; and the gay, impertinent loungers have for the first time had some spirit put into them on paper. The children, too, have so long escaped the notice of artists, that we take special pride in showing them at their everyday pleasures.

THE *Nation* is not often funny. Recently, however, it has been saying things so queer that if it is not careful it will become a really funny sheet. It said last week of a contemporary, meaning the *Herald*, that its rivals accused it of having an "intellectual department half European," which goes down to Castle Garden on the arrival of emigrant vessels from Queenstown, and then and there obtaining future members of said department by casting the lasso. We quote thus far from the *Nation*, because Bohemian Row is openly discussing the problem of a change in the said intellectual department. The rumor goes around that a certain young journalist not unknown to New York is about to return from Europe to resuscitate the *Herald's* editorial pages, and the talented young Irishmen who comprise its brilliant staff are wondering whether they will be allowed to write "editorials."

This was a pretty story that had its happening in New York, one day last week: A young lady was walking along the street with her lover, when a wretch of a pickpocket stepped upon her trail. At this her lover got very wrathful, singularly mad, and excitedly brave; and with a naturally pugnacious spirit aroused by the outrage to his lady's trail and the evident dislocation of her bustle, and the ruthless theft of her watch and chain, he valiantly offered to lick the treading pickpocket wretch for a good square ten-dollar bill. The treading pickpocket wretch felt through his clothes, and in great anguish discovered that he had only three dollars; but he offered to let the irate lover lick him for that, or even, generously, for nothing. But the outraged lover declined, justly. The idea of licking a fellow who assaults your girl and steals her watch for less than a ten-dollar bill!

THE *Tribune* has written a very sentimental article about the mother-in-law, poor thing. She died, was buried with her iron-bowed spectacles; and her thin, pallid face was a rebuke to the daughter-in-law who opposed her. A word. The old girl was wrong from the jump. She tried to put the rules of her youth into the youth-time of her daughter-in-law. She was behind the age, and she tried to drag the other behind the age. She put her own personality into everything, and tried to conquer her son's wife out of all the tastes and ambition that were dear to her and him. Why cannot mothers-in-law remember that they had their own way with their husbands, and let young women have the same pleasure. Nine times in ten the mother-in-law will go on conquering. She is usually Mrs. Mackenzie, and her son-in-law is Clive Newcome. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, how could you allow truth to be shadowed by sentiment, and turn the whole

squad of mothers-in-law, with *Tribunes* in their hands, upon us? It was very cruel, Mr. Whitelaw.

#### FUTURE OF THE PACIFIC.

THE position of the various stores of coal in the Pacific is of extreme importance as an index to the future distribution of power in that portion of the world; but it is not enough to know where coal is to be found without looking also to the quantity, quality, cheapness of labor, and facility for transport. In China (in the Si Shan district) and in Borneo, there are extensive coal-fields, but they lie "the wrong way" for trade. On the other hand, the Californian coal—at Monte Diablo, San Diego, and Monterey—lies well, but is of bad quality. The Talcahuano bed in Chili is not good enough for ocean steamers, but might be made use of for manufactures, although Chili has but little iron. Tasmania has good coal, but in no great quantity, and the beds nearest to the coast are formed of inferior anthracite. The three countries of the Pacific which must, for a time, at least, rise to manufacturing greatness, are Japan, Vancouver's Island, and New South Wales, but which of these will become wealthiest and most powerful depends mainly on the amount of coal which they respectively possess, so situated as to be cheaply raised. The dearthness of labor under which Vancouver suffers will be removed by the opening of the Pacific Railroad, but for the present New South Wales has the cheaper labor; and upon her shores at Newcastle are abundant stores of a coal of good quality for manufacturing purposes, although for sea use it burns "dirtyly," and too fast. The colony possesses also ample beds of iron, copper, and lead. Japan, as far as can be at present seen, stands before Vancouver and New South Wales in almost every point. She has cheap labor, good climate, excellent harbors, and abundant coal; cotton can be grown upon her soil, and this, and that of Queensland, she can manufacture and export to America and to the East. Wool from California and from the Australian might be carried to her to be worked, and her rise to commercial greatness has already commenced with the passage of a law allowing Japanese workmen to take service with European capitalists in the "treaty-ports." Whether Japan or New South Wales is destined to become the great wool-manufacturing country, it is certain that fleeces will not long continue to be sent half round the world—from Australia to England—to be worked, and then round the other half back from England to Australia to be sold as blankets.

The future of the Pacific shores is inevitably brilliant; but it is not New Zealand, the centre of the water hemisphere, which will occupy the position that England has taken in the Atlantic, but some country such as Japan or Vancouver, jutting out into the ocean from Asia or from America, as England juts out from Europe. If New South Wales usurps the position, it will not be from her geographical situation, but from the manufacturing advantages she gains by the possession of vast mineral wealth.

The power of America is now predominant in the Pacific; the Sandwich Islands are all but annexed, Japan all but ruled by her, while the occupation of British Columbia is but a matter of time, and a Mormon descent upon the Marquesas is already planned. The relations of America and Australia will be the key to the future of the South Pacific.

#### BREAD FRUIT.

IN no part of the world is Nature more bountiful in the production of edible vegetation than in Fiji; yams (sometimes reaching the enormous weight of a hundred pounds), sweet potatoes, "taro," a very common tuber, the chief food of the poorer inhabitants, and the well-known bread-fruit among the number. Respecting the origin of bread-fruit the natives have a somewhat singular tradition.

They say that in the reign of a certain king, when the people ate *araea* (red earth), a husband and wife had an only son whom they tenderly loved. The youth was weak and delicate; and one day the husband said to the wife:

"I compassionate our son—he is unable to eat the red earth; I will die and become food for our son."

The wife said, "How will you become food?" He answered, "I will pray to my god; he has power, and he will enable me to do it."

Accordingly, he repaired to the family marae, and presented his petition to the deity. A favorable answer was given to his prayer; and in the evening he called his wife, and said:

"I am about to die; when I am dead take my body, separate it, plant my head in one place, my heart and stomach in another, etc., and then come into the house and wait. When you shall hear at first a sound like that of a leaf, then of a flower, afterwards of an unripe fruit, and subsequently of a ripe, round fruit falling on the ground, know that it is I who am become food for our son."

His wife obeyed his injunctions, planting the stomach near the house as directed. After a while she heard a leaf fall, then the large scales of the flower, then a small unripe fruit, and afterwards one full-grown and ripe. By this time it was daylight. She awoke her son, and took him out, and they beheld a large and handsome tree clothed with broad shining leaves, and loaded with bread-fruit. She directed him to gather a number, take the first to the family god and to the king, to eat no more red earth, but to roast and eat the fruit of the tree growing before them.

The bread-fruit is seen in regular forests, and in a great number of varieties, which a new-comer has some difficulty in distinguishing until he has learnt to observe that the shape of the leaves, which are either entire pinnatisect or bi-pinnatisect, their size and their either entire bullate or even surface, the shape and size of the fruit, the time of its maturity, the absence or presence as well as the length of the prickles on its outside, and the abortion of its ovules on their development into seeds, offer good marks of distinction. The general Fijian name for

the bread-fruit is *uto*, signifying the heart, from the resemblance of the form of the fruit to that organ, whilst the varieties are distinguished by additional names. Those less frequently cultivated are, however, not known by the same names throughout the group, but bear different ones in different districts. Hence the exact number of varieties cannot be accurately determined until there shall be a botanic garden in Fiji, where a complete collection of bread-fruits is cultivated. The principal bread-fruit season is in March and April, but some kinds ripen considerably later and earlier, whilst in some districts the season itself is altogether later. It may thus be said, speaking generally, that there is ripe bread-fruit more or less abundant throughout the year. The fruit is made into puddings, or simply boiled or baked. Quantities of it are preserved under ground to make *madrai* or native bread, or for culinary purposes of a still more simple description. Besides the fruit, the wood of the bread-fruit tree is useful, but that of some kinds better adapted for canoes and buildings than others. The bark is not beaten into cloth as in other parts of Polynesia, but the gum (*drega*) issuing from cuts made into the stem is used for paying the seams of canoes.

#### PRAIRIE-DOGS.

A CORRESPONDENT in the West writes: At the point we had now reached, we were only six or seven miles from Cheyenne. The road thither had become a well-beaten track, along which one of our party started to walk with me towards the town, ahead of our teams. We went on in full view of the railroad, or rather, of the road in the state of being graded into readiness for the reception of rails. As it was Sunday morning, there was no work going on; but we could see that there was need of no small labor at this part of the line, both in cutting and embanking, to pass over the swells and hollows of the prairie. In this walk we made our first acquaintance with "prairie-dogs," the funniest little creatures imaginable, living in populous prairie settlements of their own, as rabbits herd together in rabbit-warrens. The prairie-dog is much smaller than a rabbit, being hardly much bigger than a big rat. In shape, he looks like a bull-terrier pup, so far as one can judge without ever having seen him dead, or even very closely approachable. The holes have smaller entrances than rabbit-holes, and go down into the ground much more steeply and directly. In front of each is a little mound, formed of the earth thrown out of the hole, and standing erect on this eminence, with his tail smartly cocked up in the air, the prairie-dog barks at all comers defiantly, till, when you get within twenty yards or so, his courage fails him on a sudden, and he bolts down the hole, quick as lightning. Sometimes he just pops his head out for an instant afterwards, for one last angry bark at you. The barking is of the feeblest kind, though of great animation and liveliness. For power and volume of sound, the wheeziest of old lady's lap-dogs would scorn to have his note compared with it. It reminds one, in tone, of children's toy-dogs—little gray dogs on hollow stands, so contrived that when the stand is pressed together, a thin and ghostly barking seems to proceed from the effigy of a dog thereon seated. And, indeed, these very effigies, as they appear in the toy-shop window, look something like the little "Comedians of the Prairie," as somebody called the prairie-dogs. I have seen probably as many as forty or fifty shots fired from time to time by good pistol-shooters at this small game of the prairies, but never saw a death yet; and men versed in prairie lore tell you that, of all marks, these prairie-dogs are much the hardest and most trying to the temper. However, it is managed, they must be sometimes killed; for Westerners say they are excellent eating, being something like squirrel in taste, a favorite dish in parts of America. The strange story about the "happy family" living together in each of the holes was told to us, as it is to all travelers—how a prairie-dog, a prairie-owl and a rattlesnake live on friendly terms in every hole. I had no means of verifying or disproving the statement, but have looked up the point in books of prairie travel. Bayard Taylor says of his Western journeyings, "The prairie-dogs sat upright at the doors of their underground habitations, and barked at us with comical petulance. Towards evening, their partners, the owls, also came out to take the air. The rattlesnakes were still, I presume, indoors, as we saw but two or three during the whole journey."

Bowles says of the prairie-dogs, "Only a pair occupy each hole; but we hear the same story, that earlier travelers record, that a snake and an owl share their homes with them. The snake we did not see; but the owl, a species no larger than the robin, solemn, stiff and straight, stood guard at many of the holes."

#### THE SULTAN AND THE KHEDIVE.

THE large concessions which have been obtained by the Khédive of Egypt during his visit to Constantinople indicate on the part of the Turkish Government a statesmanlike superiority to prejudice. The Khédive has satisfied the Porte that he will be a faithful ally on condition of being relieved from irksome obligations of dependence. The use of the Ottoman flag and coinage will still serve as an acknowledgment of such an allegiance as great feudatories in the middle ages bore to their nominal sovereigns; but for all practical purposes Egypt will in time of peace be an independent kingdom, with power of raising taxes, of contracting loans, of negotiating with foreign Powers, and of maintaining a naval and military force. An odd exception is made as to ironclad vessels, which are not to be constructed without the consent of the Porte. It was probably thought expedient to reserve for some future occasion a concession which may, perhaps, command a suitable price. In return for the liberal grants of the Porte, the Khédive is to aid the Sultan against external enemies with all the forces at his disposal; and, for the present at least, he is probably satisfied that, in defending the Turkish Empire, he will consult his interest as well as his

duty. While his vassalage was ostensibly more complete, the ruler of Egypt could not have been compelled to furnish the contingent which might have been lawfully demanded by the Imperial Government. During the disturbances in Crete, the Khédive gave effective aid to the Porte, but it was always possible that an enemy of Turkey might have received, for adequate consideration, the neutrality or assistance of Egypt. The bribe which would have been almost certainly offered would have been the recognition of an independence which has now been attained by amicable negotiation. It is still possible that an Egyptian Khédive might be tempted to betray his allegiance by an offer of facilities for extending his dominions; but it seems that the former designs of Egypt on Syria and Arabia have been abandoned, and the reigning Khédive is inclined rather to push his conquests at the expense of the uncivilized negro races in the south. Either through policy or from a sentiment of loyalty, the Viceroy of Egypt have now for many years cultivated friendly relations with the Porte, and it is remarkable that the Albanian dynasty of Mehemet Ali has attained its present elevation without any violent rupture with the sovereign Power, or rather, after the termination of a temporary struggle, which has been followed by a long period of harmony and deference. At one time the affairs of the East seemed likely to take a different course.

#### AMERICAN LABOR.

IN America, the working men, themselves almost without exception immigrants, though powerful in the various States from holding the balance of parties, have never as yet been able to make their voices heard in the Federal Congress. In the chief Australian colonies, on the other hand, the artisans have, more than any other class, the possession of political power. Throughout the world the grievance of the working classes lies in the fact that, while trade and profits have increased enormously within the last few years, true as distinguished from nominal wages have not risen. It is even doubtful whether the American or British handicraftsman can now live in such comfort as he could make sure of a few years back: it is certain that agricultural laborers in the south of England are worse off than they were ten years ago, although the depreciation of gold prevents us from accurately gauging their true position. In Victoria and New South Wales, and in the States of Wisconsin, Illinois and Missouri, where the artisans possess some share of power, they have set about the attempt to remedy by law the grievance under which they suffer. In the American States, where the suppression of immigration seems almost impossible, their interference takes the shape of Eight-hour Bills and exclusion of colored laborers. There is no trades' union in America which will admit to membership a Chinaman, or even a mulatto. In Victoria and New South Wales, however, it is not difficult quietly to put a check upon the importation of foreign labor. The vast distance from Europe makes the unaided immigration of artisans extremely rare, and since the Republicans have been in power the funds for assisted immigration have been withheld, and the Chinese influx all but forbidden, while manifestoes against the ordinary European immigration have repeatedly been published at Sydney by the Council of the Associated Trades.

#### THE COSSACKS.

AMONGST the mass of the Cossacks, three distinct physiognomies can be detected. First, the genuine Russian, with a broad, Slavonic countenance, a snub nose, and very light-brown beard. Second, the nobler Cossack type, proceeding from a strong mixture of the Slavonic race with the Tartar and Circassian tribes, having the nose more curved, approaching the aquiline nose of the Caucasian, the face more oval and delicate, the eyes more animated, the beard not so light as with the Great Russians, and a character of face which is by far the most common amongst the Cossack population of the Line. And, thirdly, the genuine Circassian type, which is presented in a small section of these Cossacks. These scattered individuals, of unmixed Caucasian blood, strike you immediately, among the remaining masses of those troopers, by their coal-black beards, their fiery eyes, long faces of very energetic expression, and their spare make. The bearing, attitude and movements of these descendants of genuine Circassians are decidedly more refined and nobler than those of the robust, stiff and plump Slavonians.

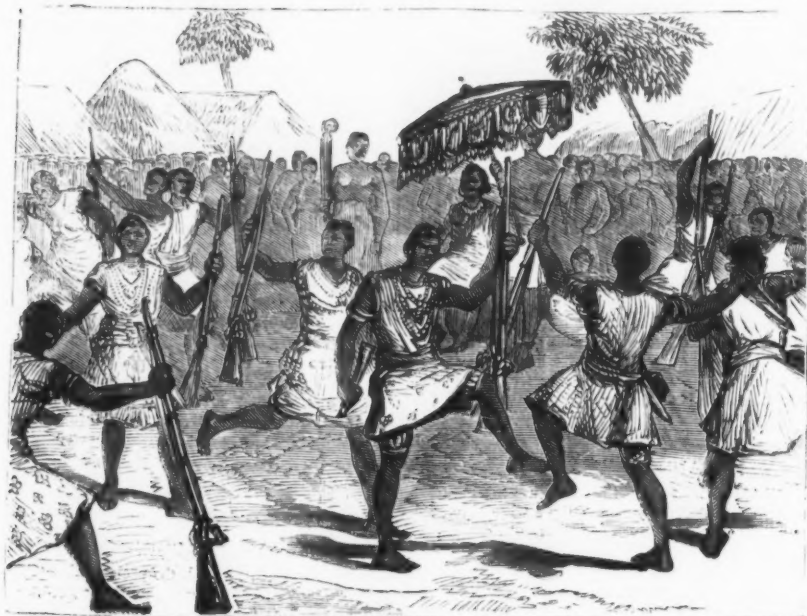
In a religious point of view, these Slavonians are inclined to the sects which are widely spread amongst the Little Russians. For the entertainment of their foreign guests, they have particular vessels, out of which, like the intolerant Schiites in Persia, they never eat food themselves, and thus they consider themselves more pious and righteous than their brethren of the north. The young Cossacks are fine lads, with awakened, sensible and open-hearted countenances. Most of them wear nothing but a shirt, which is fastened with a narrow girdle round the waist, trowsers of the coarsest linen cloth, and a kind of sandal; but many go barefooted. From amongst those Cossack children, who grow up amidst danger and conflict, proceed the best soldiers of the Russian-Caucasian Army, worthy opponents of the contentious Tschetschensians and Circassians.

#### LEARNING TO WALK.

ONLY beginning the journey,  
Many a mile to go,  
Little feet how they patter,  
Wandering to and fro.  
  
Trying again so bravely,  
Laughing in baby glee,  
Hiding its face in mother's lap,  
Proud as a baby can be.  
  
Talking the oddest language  
Ever before was heard;  
Yet mother—you'd hardly think so—  
Understands every word.



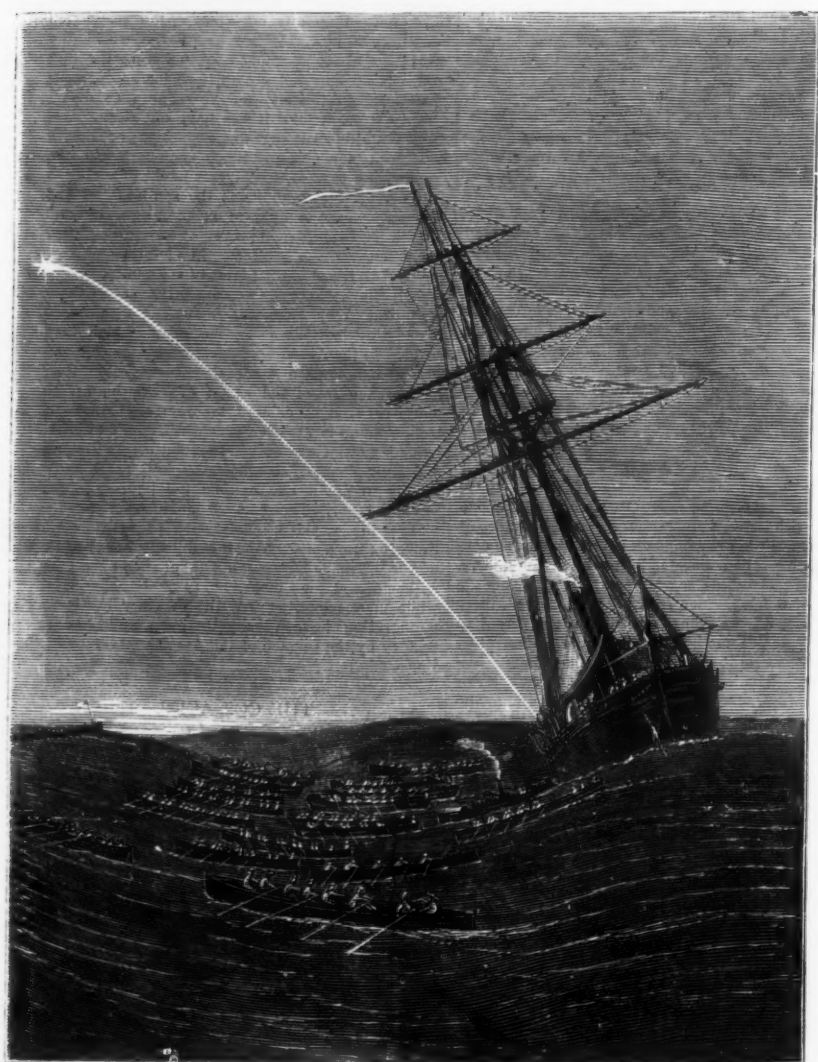
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 379.



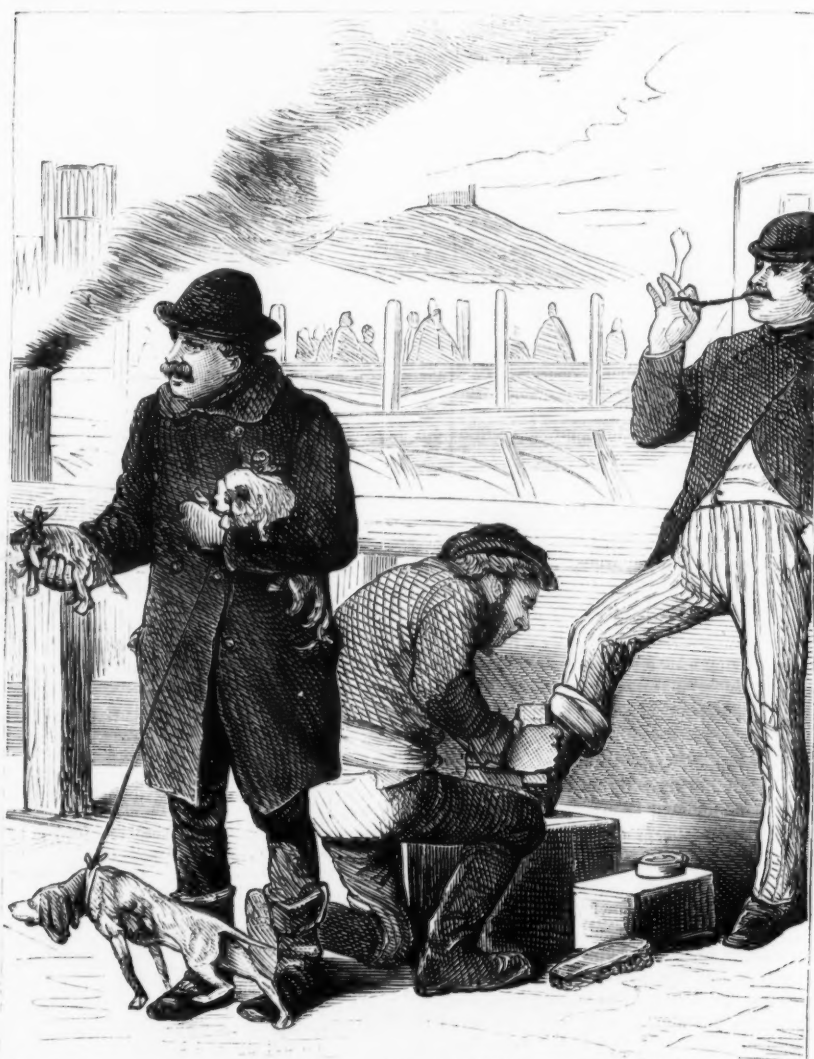
EAST INDIES.—THE ASHANTEE-DUTCH WAR.—A WAR-DANCE OF THE ASHANTEES.



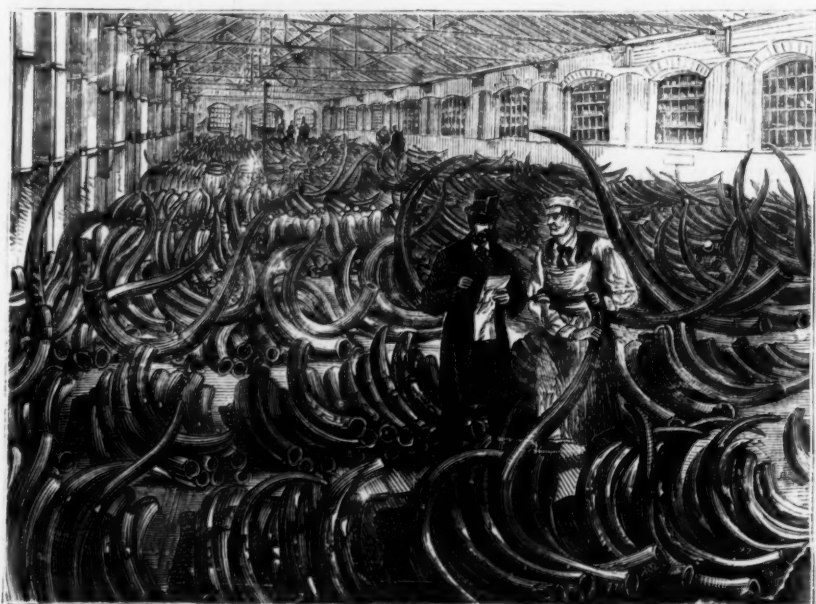
FRANCE.—THE SHAH OF PERSIA AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.



EAST INDIES.—THE ASHANTEE-DUTCH WAR.—THE "DECOY" SHIP GIVING THE SIGNAL FOR THE BOATS TO START FOR THE ATTACK ON ELMINA.



AUSTRIA.—VIENNA SCENES.—THE SHOE-BLACK AND THE DOG DEALER.

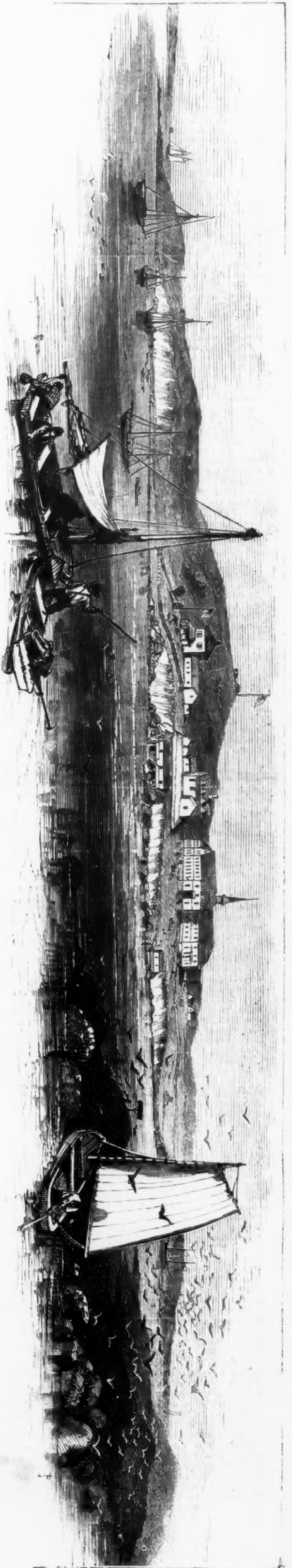


ENGLAND.—STOCK OF SIBERIAN MAMMOTH-TUSKS AT THE LONDON DOCKS.



FRANCE.—PARIS.—FÊTE OF TROCADERO.—ARRIVAL OF THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AT THE BRIDGE OF JENA.



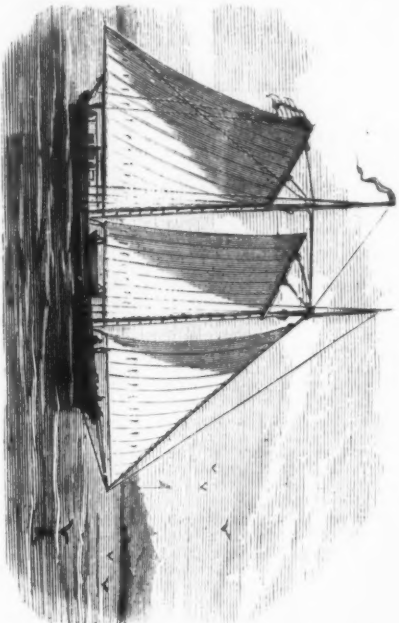


PENIKESSE ISLAND.

PENIKESSE ISLAND.  
ANDERSON SCHOOL OF  
NATURAL HISTORY.

THE interest with which this little islet in the mouth of Buzzard's Bay, on the southern shore of Massachusetts, is regarded, is owing entirely to the Anderson School of Natural History which is located upon it. It is an unusual thing in the United States that the opening of a school of science should excite so much attention, and it is because of this singular fact, and the unique character of the school itself, that we give so much space to it this week.

The establishment of a Summer School by the seaside, which should



THE "SPRITE."

have for its object the teaching of all departments of natural history, by studying live specimens and dissecting dead ones, with such help as should be derived from the lectures and suggestions of men thoroughly conversant with the thing they taught, first occurred to Professor N. S. Shaler, Teacher of Natural History at Harvard College.

Having mentioned the idea to Professor Agassiz, they together attempted to organize such a school, deciding upon Nantucket as a suitable location. Professor Shaler's departure for Europe on account of his health left the care of the whole to Professor Agassiz, when an event occurred from

which the life of the school really dates. Professor Agassiz received as a gift from Mr. John Anderson, of New York City, the island of Penikese and all its appurtenances, and \$50,000 endowment, for the purposes of the proposed school. Accordingly, Nantucket was abandoned, and Mr. Anderson's

needed for comparison and illustration are to come from the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass., of which this school is designed to form an educational branch.

After the transfer of the island the party partook of a bonhomous collation, and indulged in a congratulatory after-dinner speech in which Professor Agassiz told of a young German chemist, who, taking the chair of chemistry at Giesesen, had rendered that institution famous for the success that had attended his practical and original methods of study, and what Liebig had done for Germany he hoped Penikese would do for education.



LADY STUDENTS COLLECTING SPECIMENS OF SEA-ANEMONES.

from in America. New Bedford was well represented, and told, through a number of gentlemen, how gratified and honored she felt in the establishment so near her of such an influence in education. But Mr. Anderson surprised all when he simply said: "It is the happiest moment of my life."

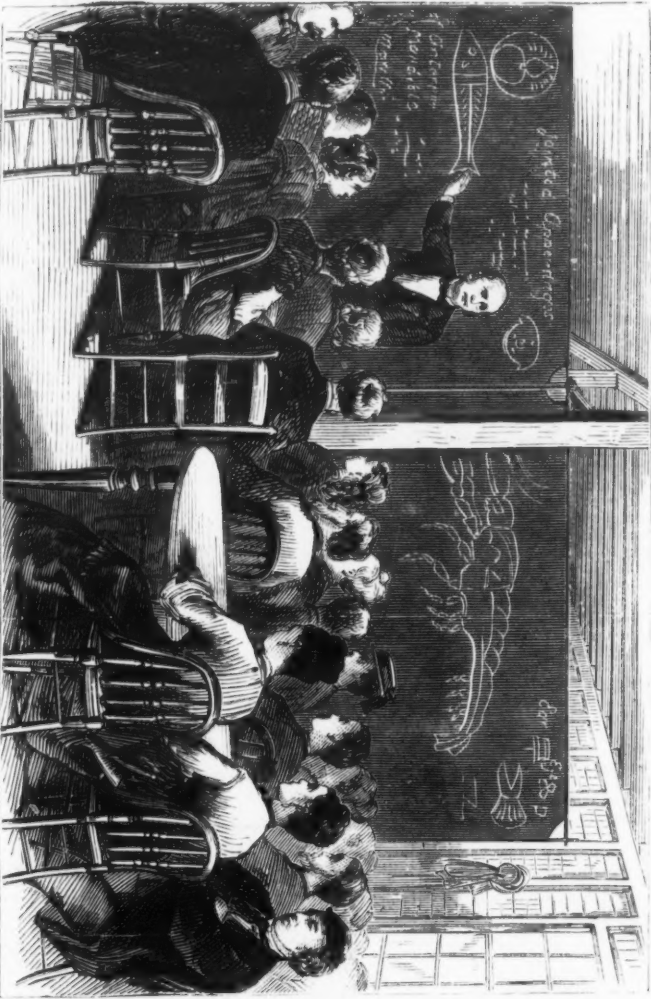
As soon as possible the plans of model buildings were drawn, and the work was contracted for. The carpenters and masons were obliged to live upon the island, in abject poverty, during the time of their work and some difficulty was experienced in getting a full price on that account. The lumber was all



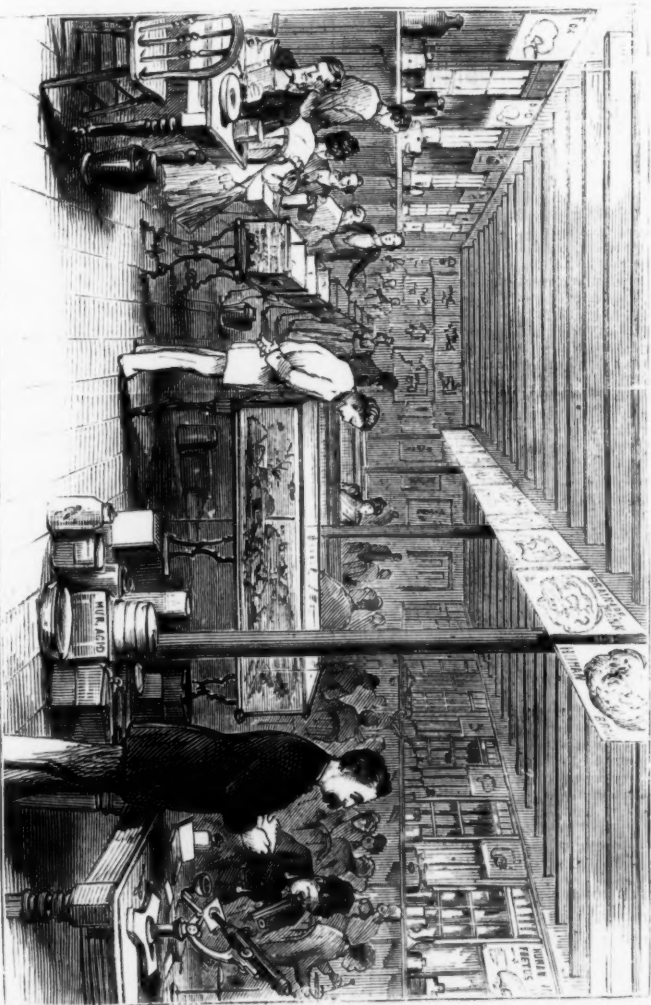
THE GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND.

generous gift accepted with gratitude. The formal acceptance was made on the 22d of last April, when Mr. Anderson and his wife, his solicitor, Hon. William Gilford, and others, met upon the island. Professor Agassiz and a few Cambridge friends. It was a curious fact that the Professor had never until this time seen either the island or Mr. Anderson.

All being gathered in the house, Mr. Gilford read the deed granting Penikese Island with all upon it to Professor Louis Agassiz, Alexander E. R. Agassiz (his son), Thomas G. Cary, Martin Brimmer, Theodore Lyman, and successors, as trustees of a normal school for teachers and students of natural history. The deed appoints Professor L. Agassiz as Director of the School, with sole authority to appoint lecturers and prescribe methods of study. It names Mr. T. G. Cary as Treasurer. Mr. Anderson reserves the right to reside upon the southeastern point of the island (a peninsula containing about sixteen acres), and to appoint an additional trustee. Five trustees shall always be residents of Massachusetts, and one of New York City. They were empowered to use as much of the fund as was necessary for the erection of buildings immediately needed, but they must make good the fund of \$50,000 from the first donations received. The specimens



THE LECTURE-ROOM.



THE LABORATORY.

PENIKESSE ISLAND, OFF THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST.—PRESENT SITE OF THE ANDERSON SCHOOL OF NATURAL HISTORY. UNDER CHARGE OF PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.—SKETCHED BY ALBERT BERGHAUS.—[TO BE CONTINUED.]



brought from Maine, the houses framed in New Bedford, and then sent down in sailing vessels, ready to be put together. The stone for the foundations was obtained by splitting to pieces the boulders with which the island is covered, and, indeed, of which it is built up; for it, in common with all of the Elizabeth group, seems to be only a vast terminal moraine—a relic of the Glacial period. The landing is some little distance from the houses, and everything except heavy lumber is brought up by the faithful oxen, whose portraits our artist has sketched.

The report that such a school was about to be instituted spread very rapidly, and there was at once no lack of applicants for admission to its membership. But the accommodations were necessarily restricted, and a larger number would receive such partial attention, that it was decided only fifty should be admitted as pupils. More than that number were already accepted, but by sifting out all those who were not either actually engaged in teaching, or preparing themselves for teaching, the required limit was reached. Notification having been given to the fortunate fifty that the school would open on the 8th of July, on that morning they nearly all appeared on the wharf at New Bedford, and were transferred by the little steamer *Helen Augusta* to the island, which is fifteen miles from the city. Arrived there about noon, a few minutes were occupied in depositing luggage in the quarter assigned to each, and then all assembled in what was once a huge barn, to listen to Professor Agassiz's cordial welcome, and the statements he was about to make concerning the summer's work. The circulars had given such meagre information, that every one was on tip-toe of curiosity, and exceedingly happy withal, they hardly knew why.

The Professor spoke of the responsibility he felt in inaugurating such an experiment in education, the first of the sort that had ever been tried in any country. He wanted to discharge all books and book-knowledge, and to teach his pupils to observe for themselves, to study Nature out of doors, and not in dusty libraries or among dried specimens. It was the thing itself, and not somebody's report of it, that he wanted them to become acquainted with. He wished it understood, however, that hard work must be a condition of continual connection with the school; it must not be regarded as a place for summer relaxation. In conclusion, he gave the school the freedom of the island (except liberty to rob the many ferns' nests along the shore), and advised them to collect and study carefully whatever came in their way. After which the company adjourned to its first dinner upon the island.

The sea and land are, however, not the only means, if they are the only sources of the studies. The ground-floors of the buildings, shown in the middle foreground of the accompanying sketch, are well-lighted laboratories, in which each person has a small, firm table, upon which he can easily study the outward characteristics of an animal by continued, patient examination; can explore its internal structure by dissection; or preserve it in alcohol or by taxidermy. Each person has an aquarium, about three feet by two in cubic dimensions, in which the life of the sea may be observed under natural conditions, and all are encouraged to make collections to carry away with them to their schools. For this purpose suitable preserving-cans and jars are provided, and alcohol furnished at half-price. Though only very general directions are given as to how to study the objects presented—or, rather, which present themselves—we are not left entirely in the dark.

Professor Agassiz has finished a short course upon the Glacial Theory, and the phenomena upon which it is based, and is beginning another upon the "Embryology and Natural History of Vertebrates." Dr. Packard, author of the "Guide to the Study of Insects," is giving similar lectures upon the Arthropods, and Professors Verrill and Moore will do the same for the Radiates and Mollusks. Professor Waterhouse Hawkins lectures upon the Unity of Plan among Animals, Professor Wilder discusses the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of Vertebrates, and Dr. Brown-Sequard will soon supplement his work by a detailed account of their nervous organization. Professor Bicknell instructs in the use of microscopes, of which there are a large number provided; and Count Pourtales takes out nearly every day a party in the yacht *Serie*, which was presented to the school by W. C. Yalloupe, of Boston—to dredge in deep water, explaining the use of the apparatus and describing the life which is brought up. This is one of the most important accessories of the school, and deserves close attention. In due time Professor Guyot will tell about Physical Geography with reference to the Distribution of Animals; Professor Joseph Lovering will explain the Physics, and Professor James Crafts the Chemistry, of the Sea. Dr. Brewer will lecture upon the Breeding Habits of Birds, and Mr. Maynard show how to stuff them. So there is no lack of instruction, and if any get weary of anything, it will be note-taking.

Listening to lectures, and an hour or so of dissection, occupy the morning. Dinner is served at one, and in the afternoon each one suits his work to his humor. You may take your tin pail, or box, or glass jar, and crawl over the kelp-grown rocks in search of forms of mollusks or crustaceans new to you; may take a skiff and coast along shore for jelly-fishes and chindermas; or, with the lifeboat cross to Nashawanna or some other neighboring island, and compare its fauna and flora with that of Penikese. Many go a-fishing, and in fair weather there is always a party out dredging in the yacht, so at tea-time there are a great variety of experiences to relate, and numberless vouchers for them—fish, flesh and fowl—so that the knowing ones have no end of a chance to establish reputations.

As for the *dramatis personæ* on this remote little stage, there are—students, we mean—sixteen ladies and twice as many gentlemen, and the average age is probably between twenty-five and thirty. The former have been described as "schoolma'ms" in appearance; if they are, the gentlemen are not a whit behind them. Some of the best institutions of instruction in the land are represented, and the number of teachers which come from the normal schools and prominent young ladies' seminaries of various States, from Maine to Missouri, is noticeable. One thing characterizes them all better than their appearance—a spirit of indomitable work—humble, conscientious, methodical—which, in so far as it is possible, is bound to overcome all difficulties. And the beauty of it all is, that all this is being stored away, only to be dispensed to the pupils of whose training they have charge all over the country.

Eccentricities of character, of course, are not wanting, and the Yankee ingenuity bred in the bone of many a member of the school has exerted itself to make more commodious the, for the time, rather cramped quarters.

So the Anderson School was inaugurated, and so it is being carried on in spite of obstacles which would seem insurmountable. And while to Professor Agassiz we must give the credit of its successful organization, to Mrs. Agassiz belongs also much of the credit of its successful continuance. For, people must eat and sleep, you know, even if they are students of Natural History.

### A KIND WISH.

THE bush it was bare—in the glade no sound,  
Two lovers at parting kiss'd;  
She watched him go, and he looked around,  
Till their forms were lost in mist.

When the bush grows green, when ringeth the glade,  
And the mist in the bright sun wane,  
May his voyage be done, and the youth and maid  
Meet joyfully here again!

## LADY DEDLOCK ON A DESERT ISLAND.

BY FRANK RICHARDS.

### CHAPTER I.

IN the latter part of 186—I left Sydney, Australia, on a small steamer bound for Canton. Being merely a passenger, I knew but little about the vessel, its officers or its cargo, excepting that the latter was principally wool, and the ship and crew were considered unexceptionable by those of whom I had made inquiry at Sydney. The steamer was going to Canton, it is true, but most of the passengers (there were about twenty in all) and all the wool were to be transferred at Batavia to a large steamer that we were to meet there, bound from Canton to Liverpool. We had plenty of time to make the connection, and during the first seven days of our trip we made such excellent headway that I hoped to have several days at Batavia for sightseeing; and as that had been my principal business for the past two years, I was by no means displeased at the prospect. We had a very pleasant set of passengers, and a dozen of those of about my own age (all young men, however, except a religious agent of some kind, with his wife and two daughters) formed ourselves into a sort of social circle, for the purpose of pleasantly killing our time. During the day we took turns in reading to the company, and at night we had our whist and cribbage parties, as comfortably as if we had been on shore. When these resources were not equal to our social wants, we occasionally indulged in a little lively scandal, principally concerning those of our fellow-passengers who, feeling themselves too good for our company, carefully avoided it. Among these was an English colonial officer, going home on leave; but we troubled ourselves very little about him or his prime wife and three very proper daughters, all dressed alike and carefully arranged according to size whenever they made their appearance in the saloon or on deck. There was one lady, however, who at first excited general admiration, but who, in a very few days, became the subject of our decided animadversions. She was the wife of Sir Francis H—, and was traveling, only accompanied by her maid, to join her husband at Batavia. About thirty years old, with fair classic features, a graceful figure, of refined and what I was told were pre-eminently aristocratic manners, and dressed in the latest and most becoming Parisian styles that had reached Australia, she was a lady who would have attracted admiration in the most splendid courts of Europe, and there was no doubt but that at home she had been a reigning belle. She had been living in Sydney with her husband for about two years (so we were informed by our ally, the steward,) but on his being called to Canton on official business, she had preferred waiting until his duties allowed him to return to England, and then joining him at Batavia for the homeward trip. She was the most exclusive person that I ever met. Except the necessary converse with her maid and the stewards, an occasional short conference with the captain, and a return of the morning salutations of the family of the colonial functionary, she held not the slightest intercourse with any one. As for the rest of her fellow-passengers, I doubt if she knew there were any such on board, for I never saw her doing us the honor of looking at us. A couple of days after leaving port, some one of the young men was struck with her resemblance in appearance and manner to Lady Dedlock, of "Bleak House," and the idea struck us as being so particularly good, that our circle never after that gave her her name of Lady H—, but always spoke of her as Lady Dedlock.

As for me, I was only twenty-four, and had never seen so fine a woman as this; and it must be admitted that, although I had sense enough not to fall in love with a married woman (especially such a one,) I still could not help occasionally feeling that I should be very happy of any acquaintance with her, be it of the slightest and most transient character. This disposition I evinced by frequent attempts at certain polite attentions, which, as they were neither received or noticed by the lady, and only excited the somewhat derisive comments of my companions, I soon ceased.

As I was the only one of our circle who had made any definite attempts to obtain recognition from her ladyship, I felt considerably piqued at my want of success, but retired behind my belief that I had at home two American sisters, who, if they were not quite so handsome as this member of the aristocracy, were quite as good in every other way. I did not join in the rather severe comments made upon her by my companions, but I should have been greatly pleased if I had had the prospect, at some future time, in some aristocratic circle, of having an opportunity of demonstrating to her that, although there might be a difference between our relative social positions, it was not what she supposed it to be.

So things went on for seven days—seven days at sea in fair weather seems to me a very long time—and then the first mate fell sick. The captain and he were brothers, and although the youngest, the second officer was generally considered (so we learned by this time) to be much the best seaman. The captain was very fond of him, and attended him faithfully; too faithfully, some of us thought, for the good of the ship.

Early on the morning of the eighth day out the engine stopped. We were informed that a rod had broken, and had damaged some other part of the machinery, but that a day would suffice to set it all right; and in the meantime we would proceed under sail. I had no objections to this, as far as I was concerned, excepting that it would shorten my stay at Batavia; and so with the rest of our clique I sat on deck and whistled for wind. There was a gentle breeze from the southwest, yet it seemed to have but little influence upon our vessel, and towards night we began to be quite impatient to see the great wheels once more revolving.

The next day saw us in the same condition, but the wind was now stronger, and we made much better progress. Like all repairs, on sea or shore, those to our engine took much longer than it was supposed they would, and we went to bed on the ninth night without knowing whether we would be able to proceed under steam or not.

When we came on deck the following morning we were astonished to find the sails furled and the vessel at anchor, about three-quarters of a mile

from land. On anxious inquiry we found that, owing to the sickness of the first mate, the nursing and medical duties of his brother, and the occupation of the other officers in regard to the repairing of the machinery, we had sailed, on account of too frequent tacking (the steward said) entirely too far north, and that by daybreak land had been sighted, and that it had been determined, if good anchorage could be found, to lay by until the engine was in working condition, as the wind was very light and decidedly unfavorable for a vessel rigged like ours. We were assured that by evening we would be on our way under steam.

In answer to our inquiries in regard to our geographical position, all that we could learn was that we were probably six or seven hundred miles east of Cape York, and that the land we saw was an island, name unknown, as no observations had yet been made. The steward told us there were plenty of these little islands off the southeast coast of New Guinea, and that this was probably one of them, and far off in the northern horizon he pointed out to us what was probably another.

After breakfast it was proposed that some of us should go on shore, and the captain readily consented to our taking the largest boat and four seamen, if we would promise to return immediately on hearing a gun from the vessel.

Accordingly six of us, all males, set out, and after a short row landed safely on the island. I had with me my double-barreled fowling-piece, and leaving my companions to stroll where they pleased, went up the shore to the right towards a point of woods which came down near the water. I pushed in here, and soon found myself surrounded by plenty of game. I shot a remarkably large and gaudy parrot (hoping to be able to prepare its skin,) and two small birds which I supposed to be doves, and consequently eatable. I kept very near to the edge of the woods, not wishing to run any risk in the discovery of its mysteries, but I saw enough in the way of rich vegetation and bright plumage to interest me greatly. Some of the others of the party, it appeared, had guns, for I heard a couple of shots some distance to the left, but I fired very little, as it seemed murderous to shoot such tame and beautiful birds as those around me.

After a time, hunger made me think of returning to the boat, where we had left a lunch under the charge of the sailors, and I pushed out to the shore, but found myself considerably to the east of the point of woods I had entered, which was now between me and the boats.

Upon getting out into the open, I saw that a considerable change had taken place in the weather, and that the southwestern sky was dark and overcast. The party on shore did not seem to be alarmed at this, however, for I heard another shot-gun from their direction. Looking at my watch, I saw that it was nearly three o'clock, and was utterly amazed at the manner in which the morning had flown.

I hurried along the shore, and had just passed the end of the point of woods, when I saw a turtle, over a foot in length, making for the water. Laying down my gun, I sprang at the creature, and after struggling and shipping I succeeded in turning it over on its back. Delighted with my prize and the prospect of turtle-soup, I took up my gun and ran for assistance to carry it to the boat. But what a sight met my eyes as I looked over in the direction of my landing-place! The sky was now black to the south, though bright enough overhead; the steamer, with wheels revolving and smoke pouring from her stacks, was slowly moving out to sea, and the boat with nine men in it—all but me—was half a mile from shore, the sailors pulling fast and rapidly gaining on the vessel!

I stood still in dismay. I could not shout, and did not think of firing my gun. I saw how matters stood. A gale was coming up from the southeast, and the steamer was getting off from a lee shore. But why had the boat gone and left me? Why had I had no warning—heard no gun from the vessel? Ah! I suddenly remembered! Those shots I had heard had been for our return. When I had promised to come back at the sound of a gun I had thought of nothing else than a cannon, and now I recalled that we had nothing of the kind on board. Those guns were for us all! My companions had waited as long as they could for me, and, at last, had had to leave me. How far I had wandered, and, oh! what a fool I was! I ran along the sand. Shouting and firing were now of no use, for the sailors, at any rate, would not risk their lives in the heavy surf which was now rolling upon the shore, even if they should chance to hear me in the strong wind blowing directly from them. But, surely, they would not leave me altogether! After the gale a boat could return for me. But what was that? Another boat, the ship's yawl, a quarter of a mile from me, and not three hundred yards from the shore! How did that boat come there, and who was in it? I waved my hat, and shouted and ran. There were two men in the yawl; they were pulling like mad, and a woman sat in the stern! The surf rolled heavier every moment, and the boat seemed to make little or no headway. I still ran, and waved my hat; I could shout no more. They paid no heed to me; and what if they had? There! one of them has missed his stroke among those heavy waves. The boat spins round. Heavens! A great wave turns her over, and there she goes, keel up, right on shore, beyond that ledge of rocks! Not a sign of its occupants could I see in that angry turmoil of waters—not a head of swimmer, or fragment of floating dress. I now reached the place from which they must have started; the wind was blowing in a hurricane. There was no hope; no one could live in that tremendous surf; and although I waited for several minutes in the hope that I might be able to render some help if any of them were driven on shore, the gale now blew so terribly that I could scarcely keep my feet, and was nearly blinded with the flying spray. So far from shore, they never could reach it alive, and I was forced to run for shelter to some rocks about a hundred yards inland. Behind one of these I lay for nearly an hour, and my thoughts during that time can never be expressed.

When the gale had passed over, and the sun shone again (there had not been a drop of rain,) I got up and looked out to sea. To the west and north the water was still dark and rough. Nothing could be seen of either vessel or boat, which latter had, of course, reached the steamer before the gale had risen to its height. The surf was still running high, but the storm had entirely left the island, and as I mechanically walked down from the rocks and along the upper part of the shore the sun was as bright and everything around me as beautiful as it had been in the morning. I gazed steadily out over the water as I walked, and once thought I saw a black object on the top of a wave. I stopped, and in a moment something came out of the woods to my right, and, turning quickly, I stood face to face with Lady Dedlock!

"Where are the others?" she cried.  
"The others!" I exclaimed. "How did you come here?"  
"My maid! where is she? Who is with you?"  
"Your boat! What boat did you come in?" I asked.

"A small boat, with two sailors and my maid. You must have seen them. Are they with the other boat?"

With no very gracious manner she repeated part of these questions several times before I could make up my mind what to tell her. Directly, however, I told her everything, excepting the destruction of the yawl and the loss of the sailors and her maid. I could not bring myself to tell her that. I only said that I had seen it put off with its three occupants.

"And have all the others gone?" she said. "Are you sure? When will they come back?"

I assured her that all of my party had got off but myself, and supposed that her boat had waited until the last safe moment for her. She seemed astounded at the desertion of her maid, but paid little attention when I reminded her that, in cases of life and death, every one would be likely to look out for their own safety, even if the sailors had not forced the maid into the boat at the last moment. To my questions as to how she happened to be left, she gave no answer whatever, but walked rapidly to a piece of higher ground, and stood looking out over the sea. Since I had seen her, all my fears and troubles had vanished. It was possible that I might not have been of sufficient importance to be returned for, but this noble lady would certainly be taken off the island at the earliest possible opportunity. So I sat down, quite comforted, and examined into my condition.

I had not, in all my trouble, dropped my gun; my shot and powder were all right. I had some brandy in a flask, and a pipe, tobacco and matches; and at my back, tied to the strap of my shot-pouch, were a parrot and two doves, which I had totally forgotten until now, although they must have weighed something. When I had finished this inventory, I became aware that I was excessively hungry. As there was no sign of the steamer visible, it was impossible that any supper could come from that quarter for two or three hours at least, and I began to wonder what temporary provision I could make for my inward longing, when I saw Lady H—, or Lady Dedlock, as I still thought her name should be, approaching me. Said she: "I can see nothing of the ship, although the sky is clearer off in that direction. I think if you were to climb up those rocks over there, that you would be able to see further. Will you do so?" Of course I consented, although I did not like her way of asking me. I climbed up the rocks with but little trouble—it was a ledge which reached from the higher woodland, some distance out into the sea, cutting off ordinary advance along the shore in that direction—and found that I could see for a long distance, in the direction our vessel had taken; but I saw no signs of her in that, or any other quarter. As I knew it would be better to be very certain about the matter, I did not hurry down; and while sitting gazing out to sea, I thought over the various aspects of my (I was not bold enough even to think our) situation. It was now nearly six o'clock. In three hours the moon would rise, and our rescue could be effected then, nearly as well as by daylight, but it must necessarily be a long time before a boat from the steamer could touch this island. So I determined that some supper must be had. I would cook those doves. No, I would not! That proud lady should cook them. I would perform anything befitting a man to do, but I would not cook for her. I must confess that the idea of seeing her ladyship cooking bloody birds was positively amusing to me, and I almost laughed at the thought. Presently I saw, down in the wide cove which extended for about a mile, on the further side of the rocks on which I was, the black object (or one like it) which had before attracted my attention. It was a hat, I could see plainly, and had been thrown up on the shore by the now subsiding waves. From this fact, and because I was tolerably sure that the wind had caused a current in that direction, I felt certain that the wreck of the yawl, and the bodies of the unfortunate beings that I had seen drowned, would be thrown up somewhere along that further shore. For this I was very glad, for I would not have desired to have the knowledge of her maid's death come to my companion while she was under my charge. I came down from the rock and found Lady Dedlock impatiently waiting for me. She looked very handsome as she stood there on the beach. With a becoming little hat and veil, a white parasol, a light shawl thrown over her arm, her handsome walking-dress drawn gracefully up over an embroidered skirt, and the perfect order of her whole appearance, she presented such a picture as perhaps was never before seen upon a desert island. When I told her the result of my observations, she asked quickly:

"What is to be done now?"

"Nothing," said I, "but to wait patiently, and try in the meantime to get something to eat."

"Are you sure that no one was left on this place but you?"

"I am sure there was no one, excepting yourself," I answered.

She looked at me very fixedly. "I remember you on board of the vessel," she said.

"I was happy to hear it."

"What is your name?"

"Henry Clay Armistead," I answered, "of Richmond, Virginia, in the United States."

She did not say anything more, but walked over to a small rock at a little distance, and gathering a handful of leaves that grew near it, dusted it off, and sat down to wait. As for me, I found a place in an angle of two large rocks, where a low tree was growing, which I thought would be a good place to build a fire. I collected with but little trouble a bundle of dry sticks (for the wind had blown down limbs and branches in all directions,) and having matches and some newspaper I had brought for wadding, I soon had a crackling fire. I then picked and cleaned the two doves, and as I had noticed, while gathering my fuel, a little stream of water which ran from the woods and lost itself in the sand of the beach, I took my birds up there and washed them nicely. I laid them on some clean leaves by the fire, and wondered what I should do next. "Get salt," I thought; and so I spent some time collecting a little out of the protected cracks in the rocks near the water. The high wind had made the salt crop in this vicinity quite small, and it was beginning to be dark when I returned to the fire. Brightening up the blaze, I bethought myself that it would be polite to offer my companion the comfort of the warmth, for it began to be a little chilly as the sun went down. Accordingly, I walked over and invited her to a seat by the fire, and also said that I had some birds, if she chose to cook them.

"I am not hungry," said she; "but I will come to the fire."

I put a smooth stone by the root of the tree, in the corner of the rocks, and she sat there, near the fire, and protected from the dew by the heavy foliage overhead.

As for me, I prepared to cook a bird for myself in a primitive style. I put a sharpened stick through it, and held it over the fire, toasting it, in fact.

My lady looked at me in amazement.

"You can't eat that horrid thing!" she said.

"A person as hungry as I am can eat almost



anything," I answered, and went on with my toast.

She looked at me for a moment, and then considering, doubtless, that if I chose to make a savage of myself it was no concern of hers, fell into a train of thought, and paid no further attention to me.

When my bird was as black as a coal, I considered that it must be done, and proceeded to cut it up with a long clasp-knife that I had. It was partially burnt, and in some parts a little rare, perhaps; but with my salt and my appetite to flavor it, I made about the quarter of an excellent meal. I offered to get my lady some water, but she declining, dipped up some in the cup belonging to my brandy-flask, and found it very good. A little sip of brandy and a smoke, as I walked up and down at a short distance from the fire (near which I had deposited my gun and accoutrements,) made me feel quite comfortable, and ready to wait several hours longer for our rescuers. My pipe finished, I replenished the fire, and sat down on the ground opposite to my lady, passing a quiet half hour in whittling.

Directly she looked up, and said: "Do you think they can see this fire? Is there any probability of their returning soon? What can possibly be the matter with them?"

I answered that I hoped, as it would soon be moonlight, that they would be able to send a boat ashore to-night, but that the gale might have driven the vessel so far that return would be impossible until morning.

"It is dreadful," said she; and by the firelight I could see that her face was a little paler than was its wont. But otherwise she showed no sign of agitation or distress; and, drawing her light shawl about her, fell into silent thought. With my loaded gun at a convenient distance from me, I sat and looked at the fire, and occasionally made additions to it from the pile of sticks near me. After a time I fell asleep, and when I awoke I found the fire was nearly out, but I soon had a blaze, and my watch showed me it was nearly one o'clock. On the other side of the fire still sat Lady H—, but her head lay back against the tree, and she was fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

## OUT OF THE PAST.

THE MIDNIGHT BATH: A STORY TOLD BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE great novelist told an anecdote with remarkable effect. There was a humorous exaggeration about it which was highly comical, and as he varied the light and shade, he never told a story twice the same way. He had natural genius for acting, and if he had devoted himself to the histrionic art he would have been as famous as an actor as he is as a novelist. He would seize the salient foible of a friend, and turn it to wonderful account; and he did this without any appearance of malice, which a less finished artist would have betrayed.

One of his most successful anecdotes I will endeavor to give as nearly in words as my memory serves—but the quiet by-play, the wonderful inflections of his rich and varied voice, the twinkle of his large and lustrous eyes, the elaborate shrug of his shoulders, and the "general conduct of his countenance," as Thackeray felicitously termed it, made a story told by Charles Dickens a living photograph.

The specimen which I give will serve as a sequel to my last "Out of the Past." As Wilkie Collins would say, "the actors are, Macready, Prichard, Mrs. Macready, the young Macreadies, their cow, the green peas, and last but not least, the female domestic, the midnight-bell, and a warm bath." After this exordium I will begin.

Many Americans will remember that when Simpson, of the Park Theatre, went to London, and became the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, he took with him his friend and associate, Prichard, also a New Yorker. After a time Prichard settled down into the subordinate position of stage-manager.

Now, Prichard's salient foible was *hero-worship*. I do believe he would out Roscoe Conkling out of the good graces of President Grant. He would doubtless have married Kate Stoddard on the spot; but to our tale, or, rather Charles Dickens's story.

When Alfred Dunn, the successor to Simpson, told Prichard that Mr. Macready had signed an agreement to perform his favorite characters, Prichard's delight was unbounded. Macready was his ideal. He therefore rushed to show his ideal every attraction. He had seen Macready before the footlights. Then he was the Apple-shooting Hero—or the Tyrant of the Tower—or the Wife-smotherer of Venice; but when he met him face to face he was almost driven to despair. It was the first time that he had met a frozen man with the powers of locomotion. However disappointed he might have been, he paid the most unremitting attention to the great actor—had a splendid fire made in his dressing-room, placed lofty wax-tapers there, and by a thousand delicate services expressed his worship.

After a week's perseverance he had the supreme satisfaction of perceiving the faint glimmer of a smile dawn and die away on the face of his idol. This ripened, in the course of another week, into speech. "Good-morning, Prichard." That estimable Scriptural character, Balaam, was not more astonished at his donkey's speech, than Prichard was at his lion's condescension.

One morning, never to be forgotten, when Prichard came into his dressing-room to bring him a letter, which he always did upon a silver tray, Macready said: "Prichard, you don't look well; a change of air for even a day will do you good. I have a little cottage at Flistree: come down on Saturday and stay till Monday, when we can come up together in my carriage."

The stage-manager accepted the invitation in dumb pantomimic rapture.

When the happy time arrived the highly honored man got into the stage—for there were no railroad-cars in those days. He was in the utmost state of blissful triumph.

If a glance could speak he would have proclaimed to all who saw him get on the box-seat in Leadenhall Street: "Fellow citizens—look at me!—I am actually going to visit the great Mr. Macready! What do you think of that?"

After a short time he was deposited at the door of the tragedian's cottage.

Mr. Macready received him at the porch, led him to the parlor, and then told the servant to show Mr. Prichard his room. In this neat little dormitory the visitor endeavored to calm the tumultuous rapture of his mind.

Rousing himself from this pleasant delirium, he paid some slight attention to his toilet, and descended to the parlor, where the great actor introduced him to his wife. After a few remarks, Macready said:

"Prichard, as we do not dine till six, we have time for a stroll in my garden and paddock."

During the ramble the tragedian pointed out in his sententious way the wonders around.

"This is my little paddock—there is my boy's house—that is a small hen."

Prichard flowered up at this, and went into a little rhetoric.

"How blissful for a man of your genius and fame to retire from the fret and turbulence of the busy world, and in this calm seclusion—"

Macready nipped this crop of oratory by saying: "That's a cow—it supplies my family with milk!"

"Happy cow!" mentally ejaculated Prichard, "to supply so great a man's family with milk; who wouldn't be a cow?"

Behold the culmination of human bliss. Prichard was actually seated at the same table with Mr. and Mrs. Macready.

In the course of the evening the host said:

"Prichard, make yourself at home: ask for whatever you want. I have a bath-room in the house. I think a warm bath would do you good. Napoleon used to say that a warm bath was equal to a night's rest, it was so recuperative. If you feel like one, you have only to ring the bell and my man will prepare it in a minute. Now, don't stand on any ceremony—it is no trouble."

Towards midnight Macready saw him to his dormitory, and wished him "good-night." Left alone, the simple-minded manager gave himself up to a variety of agreeable reflections. Wrapt in this reverie, time slid on unconsciously. At last the words of his genial host—"A warm bath will do you good; it is no trouble, and is prepared in a minute"—fastened upon him with a fatal fascination.

"Mr. Macready recommended it—perhaps he may feel offended if I don't take one. I would not run the risk of his displeasure for the world."

His hand instinctively pulled the bell. The tinkling ceased. No response. No one came. Prichard gave up the idea of his warm bath, and thanked the abortive ringing. At length, just as he was about to step into bed, there came a rap at his door, and a half-sleepy voice said:

"Did you ring, sir?"

"I should like to have a warm bath," faintly articulated Prichard, strongly impressed with the absurdity of his own request.

"A warm bath?" said the servant.

"Yes: Mr. Macready wished me to take a warm bath."

Prichard heard the servant's departing steps, who went to his master's bedroom-door, on which he rapped. Mrs. Macready was the first to hear the unusual sound. Another rap—she touched her husband's arm, and said:

"William, what is that?"

A deep guttural growl was the response.

"William, pray see what's the matter. I heard the bell ring a few minutes ago, and now there is some one at the door. I am so alarmed that I have a great mind to scream 'Murder!'"

The mild term of murder aroused the great murderer of *Duncan* and *Desdemona*. He sat up in bed. Another rap from the servant.

"Who is that?" exclaimed Macready.

"Me, sir."

"What do you mean by waking me and your mistress in the dead waste and middle of the night?"

"Please, sir, Mr. Prichard wants a warm bath," he said; "you recommended him to take one."

"A warm bath!" groaned the great tragedian.

"Was there no pond on his way to Elstree that he could have washed in? A warm bath! Ha! ha! Rouse all the servants! Let him have a bath!—a bath!—a bath!—his kingdom for a bath!"

He then sank hysterically on his pillow!

## SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

THE RETURN OF CITY PEOPLE ON MONDAY MORNING—A FERRY INCIDENT.

CIRCUMSTANCES are pretty thoroughly consoling in this life. Every evil has its compensating beneficence, though it frequently is refused recognition. Pleasures, too, by the laws of contrast, are generally accompanied or followed by annoyances that absorb half their influence.

A trip to the country or a dash into the frolicking surf induces gratification; but when the return is made all the characteristics of human selfishness are developed with quite startling emphasis.

Before the train has entered the depot, the composed and nervous, saint and sinner, are seized with the fidgets, and for a while a looker-on wonders how long the churches have been closed. Everybody knows, of course, that the ferryboat is but a few rods from the train, yet of a sudden everybody persists in forgetting that fact.

The woman who has squashed her twelve-year boy until his head didn't reach the sill of the car-window complacently gives thanks that a half-fare was thus saved, and then asks the conductor if he won't carry her pot of allecompaine and her boy's rooster to the Third Avenue cars.

The rush for the ferryboat exhibits the essence of democracy. The languishing lady who has indulged in a three weeks' diet of vinegar, and was constantly protesting against being obliged to go upstairs to sleep, strikes out for the boat with a shriek, and lands only at the forward chain. Does any one offer to assist a lady to the boat? Not much. Or stand aside to let one pass the plank? Certainly not. Where are the young people who have had the duty of respecting their seniors driven into their brains for years? Putting corns and rheumatism into chancery; pushing and dodging; climbing over, crawling under; calling everybody a brute; and thanking a merciful Providence that they, at least, have sufficient sense to respect the amenities of civilized life.

Everyone is panting with heat and exercise, vexed at everything, looking about for an unoffending toe to stand on, positive that the boat will be blown to Flanders before it reaches New York; and preserving an air of extreme indifference to all mundane things, the boat approaches the slip on the other side.

The view from the bridge at this exciting moment is perfectly delicious. The old lady hangs to her pot of "yarbs," and the boy has hard work to protect his rooster from a hungry dog. The sporting gentleman, who started off all aglow with anticipations of the jolliest possible racket, returns to be patched and renovated by his tailor, or more likely by a feeble sister to whom a little country air would be the elixir of life. His flask is empty, but his heart and head are full.

It is a little strange how thoroughly resigned these people are. One cannot allow the old lady to escape the eye, for she has put her foot down and will not be disturbed. But the allecompaine and penny-ryl, and tansy, and dandelion, and sage, and thyme, and plantain, and birch, and dock, that are to be boiled until the neighbors are sick, and then poured into that half-fare boy because his blood is too rich, have started the recollections of an old cart-horse. In the dim past, before manilla ropes became an article of equine diet, he remembers the bright country and succulent grass. The fragrance of the herbs rises in his nostrils. Leaving the things that are behind, he presses forward and takes a nip. Old as he is, his eyes grow tearful at the deception, and turning his head, he sneezes a confession of misplaced confidence, while the old lady again demands the conductor, and hugs the pots until the sides give way and the dirt and water display an eccentric geographical outline on her best silk dress.

As the boat gets within ten feet of the bridge, the men prepare to jump, and the women, not to be much behind, clamber over the chain. Suddenly the boat strikes a side of the slip; the tourists at the bow embrace each other for safety; as it swings about the ladies twitter and blush, and the men pray the boat will strike again.

The confusion becomes worse confounded on the arrival of the boat: every one dashes off, then comes partly back looking for some one who is far ahead; then decides to take it quietly, and out they go to invent some thrilling stories of the trip to the country.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### THE ASIATIC WAR.

In our last number we gave an interesting sketch of the bombardment of Elmina. In our present issue we continue the series, and present two more illustrations of that remarkable people. The Ashantees have been troublesome customers to the English ever since 1807, when they conquered Fantee, that district of West Africa in which the British settlement of Cape Coast Castle is situated. In 1824 open war was declared between the British and the Ashantees, which ended in the defeat of nearly 1,000 English troops, under Sir Charles McCarthy, at Accra. In 1826, however, Colonel Parden completely routed them with great slaughter. This led to a peace which lasted till 1863, when another war broke out, in which the natives inflicted much loss upon their enemies. Some few months ago another war between the British and the Ashantees commenced, which is now progressing with great vigor. This time the English are bringing into use a flotilla, which shells the strongholds of these fierce barbarians. The sketch representing their war-dance is very characteristic.

### THE SHAH OF PERSIA VISITING THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

During the Shah's recent visit to Paris, he paid a visit to the Hotel des Invalides, where he was received by General de Martimprey. He was then conducted to the tomb of the Conqueror of Austerlitz, where he remained for some minutes in profound thought. It is well known that the three favorite heroes of the Persian monarch are Napoleon the First, Charles the Twelfth and Peter the Great. We can easily comprehend his feelings when he took in his hand the sword of Austerlitz and the little hat of Eylau. After paying his respects to the departed hero, the Shah visited the courts of the Museum of Artillery.

### BOOTBLACKS AND DOG-VENDERS.

New York has only had the convenience of bootblacks for some twenty years, while London has enjoyed the privilege for over a century, since we read in Boswell's "Johnson" the two busiest specimens of juvenile industry were the bootblacks and the link-boys. Indeed, considering the terrible condition of the London streets, a bootblack was a much greater necessity in the British metropolis than in the Empire City. The dog-venders are another class of London pavement dealers, which of late years have been transported to these shores. Many amusing tricks are related of these ingenious improvers of the animal world. Lady Lonsdale, not long ago, bought a spaniel so admirably painted that it might have deceived Landseer himself. But, of course, these are exceptional cases, and, generally speaking, the dog-fanciers are as honest as their brother merchants of Leadenhall Street and the Stock Exchange.

### MAMMOTH TUSKS IN THE LONDON DOCKS.

A quantity of Siberia mammoth-tusks, recently imported by the ship *Durham*, from Revel, a Russian port in the Baltic, has been on view during the last fortnight, upon the floor of the ivory storehouse of the London Docks. Our engraving gives a very graphic idea of the scene. The largest tusk weighs 201 lbs., its length being 10 feet 6 inches, but it has evidently been larger. The diameter of the tusks at the base is about 8 inches. The ivory is not equal in quality to that of the elephant, and some of it is very much decayed by time. The whole lot is valued at \$300,000. We copy, from a scientific work, a very interesting account of these wonderful animals: "In a remote period of geological history, termed the Post-Pliocene Age of the Neozoic or Tertiary Epoch of creation for this earth we inhabit, there still lived many huge mammals, the offspring of those still more gigantic and terrible beasts which had thriven in the warm climate of the Miocene Age. But the conditions of animal life were greatly altered, in the latitudes of the best known countries in Europe and Asia, by a visitation of extremely cold and long Winters, alternating with fiercely hot Summers, which continued several thousand years in succession, and which were probably due to astronomical variations in the declination of the earth's polar axis from the axis of the ecliptic or apparent circle of the sun's oblique path round the earth. Whatever may have been the cause of this amazing series of events, usually called the Glacial Epoch, which covered our part of the world, as we can see by the plainest marks, with sliding glaciers and floating icebergs, big enough to remove mountains, and to scoop out basins for lakes, or valleys for the flow of rivers, cutting and grinding the hardest primeval rocks, there is reason to believe that a few species of the larger beasts survived the stern ordeal, fitting themselves with a good thick hairy or woolly coat to endure the more than Arctic rigors of its awful climate. Immense numbers of teeth and tusks of the mammoth," says Jukes's "Manual of Geology," "are found in Siberia, and complete beds of them in Escholtz Bay, on the north coast of America. The whole carcass of the animal has actually been recovered from a frozen cliff in Siberia, and was found to be coated with long coarse hair, forming a shaggy mane about the neck, underneath which was a woolly coat, evidently a defense against the severity of a cold climate, and showing that, unlike our modern elephants, the animal was not tropical, but Arctic. Its tusks are largely exported from Siberia to be used as ivory, and some found in England have been thus used. They were longer and more incurved than those of either of the existing elephants, some of the tusks measuring ten feet in length; while the transverse plates of the teeth were closer and narrower than in the Asiatic elephant, and very different, therefore, from the African, in which the plates of enamel form lozenges on the upper surface. At Escholtz Bay the cliffs are said to be either ice, or coated with ice; and on the top of them, imbedded in, and partly covered by, the boggy or sandy soil, are numberless bones that have lost but little of their animal matter, hair being dug up with them, and the whole island having a charnel-house smell." It is said that in Siberia, not many years ago, the partly decomposed flesh of a mammoth, which had lain many thousands of years imbedded in the ice, supplied a dinner to some half-starved and half-savage men of that forlorn country; but we doubt the truth of this story.

### FETE AT THE TROCADERO.

The Trocadero is the favorite Sunday resort of the Bourgeoisie of Paris, and is becoming rapidly surrounded by villas and hotels. It is situated on an eminence opposite the Champ de Mars, and named after a French victory in Spain. It forms a very handsome termination to the Place du Roi de Rome. It has been lately very much improved, and carriage-roads made to the top, which commands one of the finest views in Paris. A broad flight of steps, lighted at night, leads up to it. One of the most brilliant fêtes to the Shah was given at this popular resort.

## PERSONAL.

THE lady admirers of Pere Hyacinthe have presented him with a silver chalice.

PROFESSOR JOHN F. STODDARD, the mathematician, died in Newark, N. J., on the 6th.

M. HERVE, editor of the *Journal de Paris*, and M. About, the author, have engaged in a duel.

WILLIAM ALLEN, the present Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, is Senator Thurman's uncle.

ANSON LIVINGSTONE, son of Chief-Justice Livingston, died in New York, August 4th, aged sixty-six years.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, the well-known historical writer, was stricken with paralysis last week, at the Hague, Holland.

THE Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, was elected President of the Saratoga Monument Association, on the 5th.

MARIUS DUVAL, Medical Director, United States Navy, who shot a cadet recently, is to be court-martialed at Annapolis.

J. M. THATCHER, of the United States Patent Office, has been invited to a seat in the Patent Rights Congress at Vienna.

SIR CHARLES WHETSTONE has been elected a foreign associate of the Academy of Sciences, France, in place of the late Baron Liebig.

THE Emperor of China has decided that foreign envoys may present their credentials in person, and command their admittance to his presence.

THE Sultan's second son, Prince Mahmoud Djeleddin, has been promoted to be a Rear-Admiral in the Turkish navy. The new Admiral is eleven years old.

THE Czar is so thankful for the benefit to his health from the waters of Ems, that he has given 3,000 thalers towards the building of a Russian church there.

GREGORY ARISTARCH BEY, the new Turkish Minister to Washington, is recovered from his second attack of ophthalmia, and is about to start for this country to relieve Blacque Bey.

MONSIGNOR MERMILLOD has appealed to the Federal Assembly against his expulsion from Switzerland, and asked for a termination of his illegal exile from his birthplace and proper home.

ROBERT S. CHEW, Chief Clerk of the State Department, who died on the 3d, commenced his career in that department under John Forsyth, of Alabama, while Secretary of State to Andrew Jackson.

GENERAL DI CESNOLA, United States Consul at Cyprus, and the discoverer of the antiquities now owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York, returns to his station on the 23d, and will resume his explorations.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES of Germany has tendered to Marshal Bazaine evidence in his favor, on his trial for surrender of Metz to the Prussian army. The marshal, however, declined to permit the evidence to be introduced.

VICTOR EMMANUEL, it is reported, is to be excommunicated by the next encyclical of the Pope. The Papal edict will be read in St. Peter's amid the greatest solemnity; the cathedral will be draped with black, and yellow tapers will burn on the altar.

PROFESSOR NEWCOMB, United States Navy, sailed on the 4th for Europe, for the purpose of attending the session of the German Astronomical Society, and conferring with the French and German Commission for the observation of the transit of Venus.

BISHOP LACHAT, the Swiss Infallibility champion, was lately shamefully treated on a Lake of Lucerne steambath by a party of Swiss choral singers. He was jeered at and abused, and the only passenger with pluck enough to denounce the rioters was an American mulatto woman.

THE competition for the "Grand Prix de Rome," at the Paris Conservatoire, has resulted in the awarding of the first prize to M. Puget, a pupil of M. Victor Massé; the second prize to M. Hillemeier, and honorable mention to M. Corbaz-Marmontel, pupil of M. Francois Bazin.

THE widow of Adolphe Adam, the composer, has presented to the Paris Conservatoire the whole of the original scores of her deceased husband remaining in her hands. These include the operas of "Giraldi," "Lambert Simnel," the "Pompe de Nuremberg," the "Souard," and the "Messe de Sainte Cecile."

A REPORT gained currency last week that General Portillo, at the head of 3,000 men had entered and captured Cienfuegos without a shot being fired, and that he there proclaimed Don Carlos as King of Spain. Many of the leading Spaniards of Havana, including generals in the army, colonels of volunteer regiments, the Jesuits, and several of the leading slave-traders of the island, are said to be co-conspirators with General Portillo for the overthrow of the Republican Government of Spain.

## WHERE PEOPLE ARE GOING.

JOHN G. WHITTIER is at Portsmouth, N. H.

MISS KATE FIELD has left Paris for the Pyrenees.

BISHOP WILLIAMS, of Connecticut, is at Lake Luzerne.

GENERAL and Mrs. EGBERT VIELE are at Lake Mahopac.

THE Crown-Prince of Germany is visiting the King of Sweden.

HESTER A. BENEDICT, the poetess, is spending the season at Streetsboro, O.

HENRY WARD BEECHER went last week on a flying trip to the White Mountains.

THE Count de Baire, of the French Legation, is at Newport with the Countess.

BISHOP DOANE, of Albany, N. Y., is expected to return from Europe in October.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is quietly entertaining his friends at Cummington, Mass.

GENERAL FREMONT is building a cottage on Bald Porcupine Island, off Mount Desert, Me.

COLONEL PATTERSON, of the Bonaparte family, Baltimore, is at Portsmouth, N. H.

GENERAL SHERMAN was the recipient of a grand dinner at Cape May, N. J., on the 5th.

GOVERNOR HARTMAN, of Pennsylvania, has received a complimentary dinner at Saratoga.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER is off for Nova Scotia previous to seeing the season out at the Adirondacks.

PROFESSOR J. HENRY GILMORE, of the Rochester (N. Y.) University, is spending his vacation in and about Concord, N. H.

THE Emperor of Germany proposes to proceed to Baden-Baden about the 1st of September, to spend there the latter half of that month.

THE Hon. J. M. Francis, United States Minister to Greece, and General Kidder, U. S. A., were recently presented to the Emperor of Austria.





*Matt Morgan*





SKETCHED BY MATT MORGAN.



## BY THE SEA.

SLOWLY, steadily, under the moon,  
Swings the tide in its old-time way;  
Never too late and never too soon,  
And the evening and morning make up the day.

Slowly, steadily, over the sands,  
And over the rocks, they fall and flow;  
And this wave has touched a dead man's hands,  
And that one has seen a face we know.

They have borne the good ship on her way,  
Or buried her deep from love and light;  
And yet, as they sink at our feet to-day,  
Ah! who shall interpret their message aright?

For their separate voices of grief and cheer  
Are blended at last in one solemn tone;  
And only this song on the waves I hear,  
"For ever and ever His will is done!"

Slowly, steadily, to and fro,  
Swings our life in its weary way;  
Now at its ebb, and now at its flow,  
And the evening and morning make up the day.

Sorrow and happiness, peace and strife,  
Fear and rejoicing its moments know;  
How, from the discords of such a life,  
Can the clear music of Heaven flow?

Yet to the ear of God it swells,  
And to the blessed round the throne,  
Sweeter than chime of silver bells,  
"For ever and ever His will is done!"

## A GLOVE.

ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

IT was at the breaking-down of the Northton bridge, crowded with people assembled for the yacht-race—and while we were in the strain of excited effort to save life—that Colonel Golding called:

"Dr. Wallingford, will you step this way a moment, and tell me if you recognize this young lady?"

I laid down the pulseless wrist of the dead man I had been examining and stepped into the wayside cabin.

I saw instantly that it was a negro habitation. A sooty, white-headed old man seemed to be its master—the floor swarmed with wide-eyed, dusky children.

Upon a bed lay the motionless figure of a lovely girl. She had just been brought in from the rain, which had commenced to pour, adding to the distress of the scene. Her dress of black silk dripped upon the floor. Her face was turned aside.

"Is she dead?" said I.

"No," he answered. But she was only half-conscious. Her eyes were closed, her breath light, and I could hardly find any pulse.

"Do you know who she is?" asked the colonel.

"Yes," said I, after a moment. "It is Miss Weldon, of Chester Park."

"Can you take charge of her? My daughters are waiting for me. I don't think she is much hurt, and she will probably revive soon."

"Yes. If you see Dr. Lorrillard, tell him that I am here."

I directed the negress to remove part of Miss Weldon's wet dress, and then wrapped her in a warm blanket. As the warmth penetrated her chilled limbs, she gave a little sigh, and fell into a soft slumber. Then they began bringing in other dead and dying persons and laying them on the floor, and I had plenty to do.

It was an awful time. The suffering of the injured, the agony of the friends, I never shall forget. The whole dreadful afternoon wore away, and night approached. I had spoken to Miss Weldon once or twice, and found she was not hurt, but she still lay on the bed where she had been placed.

Her face looked very pale in the dark.

"Do you feel well enough to talk with me a little?"

"Yes," she replied, quietly.

"You were not here alone?"

"No. I came with my brother and his wife. He is one of the drowned persons whom they have just brought in."

Poor girl! she had seen so much of death in the last four hours that she could scarce speak of this quietly.

"Mrs. Weldon may yet be found," I answered. I suspected that she was already found, and that she was lifeless. "Many persons have been taken into other houses. You had best be taken home at once."

She begged that I would first try to find out about her sister-in-law. I did not think it best to make immediate investigation; I thought she had already all she could bear, but I promised to return immediately and continue my efforts to rescue and aid.

Just then my partner, Dr. Jules Lorrillard, came in. He was a good surgeon for his years, and began telling me of an amputation that would have to be made.

"But it's growing dark, and I have to take this young lady to the city," I interrupted. "Can you lend me your cloak for an hour, to wrap around her? I will bring it back again."

He gave me the cloak, cast a curious glance at Irene Weldon, and went out.

I wrapped her up closely as possible from the rainy air, and carried her in my arms out to the carriage.

The neglected horses gladly trotted cityward. I carried Miss Weldon to her father's door, took the horses to the stable for their supper, drank a cup of tea, and was back to the scene of suffering before nine o'clock.

I was also there the greater part of two days. But at length the dead and dying were cared for, and the cloud rolled off the spot of the accident.

I returned to my usual practice.

Dr. Lorrillard and I were both young men—neither of us seven-and-twenty. We had been partners for a year. I had known him at college, but more intimately afterwards. I think I should never have chosen him for a friend, but mutual interests drew us together. He was a good surgeon, and both were benefited by our connection. Our tastes and aims were different. I was fond of nature—he of art. I strove to cultivate a contented mind—he had much worldly ambition. I loved literature—he had a fancy for match trials of skill and race-horses, and never touched a book, unless absolutely necessary. Yet, in spite of these differences, we were on cordial good terms, and enjoyed each other's society.

In personal appearance we were very different—I being of slight figure, with nervous temperament, curly hair, blonde beard, blue eyes. Lorrillard was much heavier, somewhat taller, homely, yet with a confident, rather loud manner. He had bright black eyes, a thick, dark skin, heavy, livid lips, bushy, coarse black hair. Upon one of his fat, yellow-white hands he wore a handsome carbuncle

ring. He was always dressed with care, yet did not look precisely like a gentleman.

I remember how fine and Springlike the weather was. At my first leisure opportunity, which occurred one beautiful afternoon, I went up to see how Miss Weldon was.

She was an orphan heiress, and since the death of her brother and his wife, quite alone. Hitherto I had known her very slightly, but now I met her with a sense of familiarity.

She was already dressed in mourning for her brother. She was indescribably lovely, with purple-black, silken braids, and the soft, dark eyes of a gazelle. Her face was pale, but I thought she looked glad to see me.

"I am pleased to see you sitting in the sun," I said, looking about her bright little boudoir.

"Does the sun shine?" she said, wearily. "I had not noticed."

I inquired regarding her health. She was not ill, only excessively despondent.

"My home looks pleasant to you?" she said. "It is like a tomb to me—so many have lain dead in it during the last year! First, my mother, then my father, now my brother."

I pitied her; my heart grew tender over such affliction. I think she felt it. When I left, she gave me her hand, and said:

"Come in, sometimes, when you have leisure, Dr. Wallingford. You cheer me more than you know."

So, in quiet friendliness, commenced our love. I saw her often, and found that we had much in common. She was pleased with the books I was fond of; had a passion for flowers; felt the subtle influences of wave and wood and sky, as I did. I took her to drive in wild, woody places, and we rolled along the edge of the surf at Nantasket, and watched the white sea-birds wheeling under the vaulted blue. Or, during the long evenings, we sat close together in the cool, spacious drawing-room of her home, and I felt with delight that she was lonely and unhappy no longer.

"I ought to be reconciled to this house again, since I found your love here, Victor," she said, one day. "And yet, when we are married, I had rather live in some of the beautiful country-places we have enjoyed together."

From that moment I resolved that she should have such a home as she would like. And I began a system of careful management whereby it would be accomplished. For, though her means were treble my own, I wished to provide entirely the new abiding-place. It did not please my pride to take my home from my wife.

I found what I sought at last—a house graceful in architecture, with southern exposure, yet well-wooded grounds, and a sea-view. The price was also within the means I had at command.

I knew that Irene would like White Birches, as the estate was called. In imagination we were already established there. She should have her chamber in the rose-pink that suited her, and the long hall-windows would open on the green terraces, and flowers, birds and sunshine would abound.

But it so chanced that, just at this time, Irene was out of the city, having gone with an aunt to the popular resort called Belle Lake. I must tell somebody of my good fortune immediately, and so I made a confidant of Dr. Lorrillard.

He had seen Irene several times—had once spent an evening at her home, with others. He listened attentively to my description of White Birches, and congratulated me on being able to purchase it.

I took the money from the bank that day, so confident was I that the place would suit Irene, and announced that I should buy White Birches on the morrow.

"I should have advised you to leave your money in the bank until to-morrow," said Lorrillard; "something might happen, you know."

"I have a strong-box in my room, and I want to take the first train the morning, before the bank is open," I replied.

My sleeping-room connected with the office. I took my meals at the hotel adjacent, where my partner had rooms, and board also. After he had gone that night, I lighted the gas in my sleeping-room, and, spreading the bank-bills upon the table, looked at them with a delight money had never inspired in me before, for they meant love, beauty, home and happiness.

It was ten o'clock when I locked them into an iron-bound chest, which had once belonged to a sailor-uncle of mine. I then carelessly flung the key into a drawer, and retired. The gas, left burning in the office, shone through the glass door into my face at the time I went to sleep.

It was two hours afterwards that I was awakened by a slight noise. I sprang up, but the light had been extinguished; there was not a ray. Yet I sprang out of bed, and snatched up the only weapon at hand, a Spanish knife, that lay on my desk, and had been used for a paper-cutter. It was a mere toy; but as I kept towards the figure, which I heard rather than saw moving to the outer door, I struck a ferocious blow with it, for I felt that I was being robbed. There was a smothered exclamation of pain, and then I was hurled headlong to the floor. My head struck the heavily carved foot of a table, and I was senseless.

It was daylight when I regained consciousness. An instant's observation showed me that the money had been stolen. Still half stupefied and thoroughly wretched, I waited my partner's coming. At length I heard his foot on the stair.

"Good heavens!" he cried, as soon as he entered the room, "what is the matter?"

I was lying on a lounge.

"I have been robbed; and I was knocked down, and received a severe blow on the head, which makes me ill."

"Impossible! Well, never mind; don't talk. I'll send Dr. Wende in to attend to you, for you see I can't stay. I've just received a telegram that my sister is very ill in New York. They have sent for me. I came in to tell you. I must be right off. Wende will patch you up; and I don't think it's anything serious, so I wouldn't trouble Miss Weldon. I'll be back in a day or two, and then we will look into the matter."

He went, and old Dr. Wende came. The bruise was nothing serious, though very painful. The old physician advised me to lock up the office and go to bed, and he would take care of my patients. I did not confide to him that I had been robbed.

As I lay in bed I looked carefully about the room. Suddenly I saw a glove lying upon the floor.

I reached from the bed, and picked it up from the carpet. It was a gray kid glove, of rather large size, one of Joseph's best, but with nothing peculiar about it; however, I resolved to keep it, for I knew it would be a clue to the robber. Still, I was sick and sore, and had little ambition for hurrying matters. I thought it would be time enough to put the matter into the hands of the police when Dr. Lorrillard came home.

The next day I was much restored, though not able to go out.

The following day I should have still kept indoors, but the Park Hotel took fire.

I heard the alarm, and saw the imminent danger. The walls of the building in which our office was located were fire-proof; but Dr. Lorrillard had

many valuable articles in his room at the hotel. I resolved to attempt to save them. I, therefore, rushed into the street.

I hurried into the hotel office, snatched the key to Lorrillard's apartments from the key-board, and darted up the smoky stairs.

Hastily seizing several valuable articles, I pulled out the drawers of an escritoire in search of a certain packet of important papers. In the third drawer was a gray kid glove with a cut across the back, and blood upon it.

I took it up mechanically, seeing that it appeared familiar. In an instant I decided that it was the mate of the one I had found in my room!

When this thought had forced itself upon me, I stood petrified—a perfect storm of noise outside the door—the smoke rapidly penetrating the apartment.

"Hillo, there! Hurry, or you can't get out!" shouted some one, pounding on the wall.

I started, caught up the papers, and escaped from the building.

For a few hours I felt stunned by my discovery. Then, without waiting for Dr. Lorrillard's return, I sent for a friend of mine who was a detective, and put the matter into his hands. I told him that Lorrillard had gone to New York. He heard me almost in silence, and went away with the two gloves, making no comment, giving no opinion.

Yet I had great confidence in his shrewdness and ability. Excitement levered my wound and forced me to keep quiet for the next twenty-four hours.

Then I had a note from Irene:

"MY DEAR VICTOR—Cannot you come down here for a bit of a visit? Something troubles me. I wish you would come, if only for an evening."

"IRENE."

I took the afternoon boat down the river. Arrived at the Lake House at dusk.

I sent my card up to Irene's rooms, and followed it. She sprang up from a low seat at the window, where she had been musing, and flung her arms around my neck.

"You dear old boy! such a nice chance for a talk! Auntie is gossiping in the drawing-room. I was so afraid you wouldn't come! Do you know, Victor, I have no peace of my life for Dr. Lorrillard."

"Dr. Lorrillard?"

"Yes. He has been here for a day or two. He makes love to me—oppresses me with his attentions—ignores my engagement, and wishes me to marry him. Absurd, is it not? But what shall I do? I am getting to dread the sight of him."

"I don't think he will trouble you much more, Irene," I said, after a moment's thought. "Where is he now?"

"Very likely in the billiard-room. But I do not care where he is. Now I feel safe. Come down with me and walk on the lawn."

She caught up a shawl of white Shetland wool, and we went down into the fragrant night. It was certainly a delightfully pleasant place.

By-and-by we came to the billiard-room, which was in a building separate from the hotel. The windows were open, and the scent of cigar-smoke drifted out with the sound of the clicking balls.

"There he is!" whispered Irene, "chalking his cue. Do you know?" she added, "he has worn a glove on his right hand ever since he has been down here. Says he has a boil upon it. But it doesn't appear to cause him much suffering. He drinks a great deal, they say, and is so boisterous!"

Just then two men came behind us. One of them touched me on the arm.

"Stay here a moment," he whispered.

It was Helmer, the detective. He went on with his companion, whom I also recognized as a police officer in plain clothes.

They called Lorrillard to the door. There was hardly any struggle before the handcuffs were on him. He had been drinking deeply, and swore as I never before heard him. Helmer tore the glove from his right hand as I came up. There was a deep, unhealed wound across the back of his hand, corresponding to the cut in the glove.

"It was a fool's trick," Helmer said to me afterwards, "but he had lost his head to the young lady, Miss Weldon, and was desperate enough to do anything to prevent your marrying her. I suspected as much at the start. I knew that he was down here—that he never went to New York. Well, you'll get your money back, probably—but never again make a friend of a thick-blooded, bullet-headed fellow."

The money was restored to me, sure enough. And Lorrillard was sentenced for ten years.

## INNOCENT:

## A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

## CHAPTER LIV.—CONCLUSION.

SOME time after this last calamity, a large party was assembled, one bright October morning, in the drawing-room at The Elms. The house was full of flowers—it was full of commotion. Many carriages had cut up the orderly little gravel drive round the shrubbery in front—the door had been standing open all the morning, there were groups of people everywhere, even in the bedrooms, and the maids, in white ribbons, fluttered about the staircase, and brand-new trunks, with shining leather covers, stood in the hall. The dining-room door stood open, disclosing more flowers; a large, long table, covered with the remains of a feast; chairs thrust aside; and white napkins lying about as they had been left when the party adjourned into the drawing-room, where they had all gathered together in bright-colored groups, waiting till the bride should be ready. The bridegroom was already in the hall, looking at his watch, and hearing gibes about the putting on of bonnets, and the putting up of baggage, which was henceforward to be his accompaniment through life—his kind eyes shone as if they had been ten years younger—you could scarcely guess that he was getting bald about the temples, so glorified was the man with that wonderful glow of happiness which has a certain pathos in it when it comes a little later than usual. And yet it was not late; he was quite a young man still, even the bridesmaids said—and his two young brothers-in-law, and his old sister, all clustering about him at this moment in the hall, were ready, at a moment's notice, all three of them, to have gone to the stake for John Vane. It speaks well for a man when he is thus supported on both sides. A great deal of talk was coming from the drawing-room, where the friends of the family, left to themselves, were discussing the matter, as people say our friends always discuss us when our backs are turned. There was nobody to keep this crowd in order. Mrs. Eastwood was up-stairs with the bride. The rest of the domestic party were in the hall, as I have said, consoling the bridegroom. Mrs. Everard, who rather took it upon her to do the

honors of the place when the head of the house was absent, was herself the ringleader in this talk. Perhaps the gentle reader would like to know what they were saying, before Nelly, in her gray gown—Nelly sobered out of her white into walking costume—Nelly with her eyes rather red, and her lip trembling a little—comes down-stairs.

"I never believed in the other business, for my part," said Mrs. Everard, dropping her voice—"of course we must not so much as allude to it now—but you remember when Nelly was supposed to be going to do something very different?"

"But, dear me!" said Mrs. Brotherton, the clergyman's wife, "we heard that every arrangement was made, and that the judge and his family went into it quite as heartily as the Eastwoods did. Indeed, my husband met them here at dinner when the engagement was declared."

"Are you talking of young Molyneux?" said her husband, interrupting. "My dear, the less said about that the better. No man likes to remember that his wife was once to have been somebody else's wife."

Some one advanced, however, at this moment to ask information about "poor Lady Longueville" in the most hushed and sympathetic tones—putting an end to the previous subject.

"One does not like on such a day as this to say anything which could bring a painful suggestion," said this considerate personage; "but I should like to know what has become of that poor girl."

"She is very well indeed," interposed Mrs. Brotherton. "She is with her cousin, Miss Vane, at that quaint establishment of hers—you never heard of it? It is not a sisterhood, and it is not a school."

"I disapprove of all such mummery and nonsense," said another guest, rushing in. "Sisterhood! What do we want with sisterhoods? Popish rubbish—I'd send them all off to Rome; a pack of silly women!"

"Silly is the appropriate adjective to women, I believe," said Mrs. Brotherton, who was advanced in her views; "just as my husband puts 'gray-haired' to the noun 'father,' and 'kind' to the noun 'mother' in his sermons. Innocent, however, is very happy among these silly women—being silly herself, I suppose."

"Very happy? after all that has happened?" said the sympathetic questioner, holding up her hands with wonder and horror.

"Well, after a great misfortune, which was no fault of hers—and which, fortunately, ended in no harm; to be sure she has lost her husband, poor little thing!"

"That was a mistake—another mistake," said Mrs. Everard, shaking her head. "Poor Innocent is as well as can be expected, Lady Dobson. She is very childish, and never will be anything else, I fear. She ought not to have been allowed to marry. As for poor dear Sir Alexis, she could not appreciate him when he was living, and she can't be expected, I suppose, to feel his death very much. It was a mistake altogether. What, Nelly coming down-stairs! Then let us see the last of her, ladies," said Mrs. Everard, remembering that it was her place to do the honors as the most intimate friend of the house.

Nelly stood on the threshold in her gray gown; her mother held her by one hand, her husband by the other. She looked back upon a cloud of faces, all smiling, throwing good-byes and kind wishes at her—and, on the other side, the horses pranced and tossed their proud heads, the gates stood open, the sunshine streamed down through the brown trees, the world lay before her.

"Good-by, everybody," she said; "and to you, for a little while, mamma." And that was the last of Nelly. There was never a Nelly yet, carried off by eager horses, by an eager bridegroom, among storms of white shoes and good-wishes, who was more dearly taken care of thereafter than was the Nelly who signed herself from that day in stately fashion, "Elinor Vane."

"You are all that are left to me now, boys," said Mrs. Eastwood, as she sat between them that evening, over the first fire of the season, which had been lighted for consolation. "Nelly will come back, but she will not be quite Nelly; one has to put up with it. You are all that are left to me now—"

"And Innocent."

"Yes, Innocent, poor child!" said Jenny, somewhat hoarsely—"none of us know yet what Innocent will come to. She's had hard work for a beginning—none of us have had such hard work. As for Dick's and mine, though we're sorry enough for ourselves, what has it been to hers? But you'll see there's something to come of it. I suppose all that trouble is not likely to be for nothing, is it?" he said, almost indignantly, as if some one were opposing him; "if you mean what you say about Providence, do you think that can be all for nothing? I don't."

"God bless her, poor child!" said the mother, with more faith than conviction. "You always believed in her, Jenny."

"And I do now more than ever," said the boy, with a flush on his cheek, going to the window, where he stood for five minutes, gazing out into the darkness, though there was nothing to see. He was twenty by this time, and his mind was one of those which work up to conclusions long made, with an obstinacy which often brings about its own long-determined aim. "It's a fine night," he added, coming back, as if the weather had been all his thought. "What a bore that there's no river to Sterborne. I tell you what, Dick, the next best thing is to drive—we'll get a carriage to-morrow, and drive my mother there—"

"What, drive me all the way?" cried the mother, half alarmed, yet pleased that her boy should think of her pleasure.

"We could do it in two short days—like the people in the book you are reading," said Jenny. "Why not? We'll take you to the High Lodge to Innocent, instead of going by the railway—and of course you'll bring her back with you here. Dick and I will look after the carriage to-morrow morning, and we'll expect you to be ready by twelve, mamma."

"Bravo, old fellow!" said Dick, delighted; "and Winks, my old friend," he added, as Winks dropped from his chair and came forward, stretching himself, to inquire into the proposition which had startled him out of a nap, "you shall go, too."

"But, my dear boys—" Mrs. Eastwood began, in a tone of remonstrance.

"The best thing in the world for you, mamma," said Dick, "and jolly for us, once in a way, to have you all to ourselves."

What could mortal woman, being the boys' mother, say more? I am afraid she would have considered favorably the idea of going to Nova Zembla, under such conditions.

Never was there a pleasanter two days' journey than this which Mrs. Eastwood made with her boys through the sunshiny Autumn country, along the road, where gold-colored leaves dropped in her lap as they drove her along, now one on the box, now another, in their turn, till the High Lodge at last appeared in sight all covered with the white downy clusters of clematis done flowering, with late roses, and matted network of interlacing leaves. Innocent



rushed to the door, slim and pale in her black dress, her eyes shining with sudden delight, her soft face inspired.

"You have come to take me home. I am Nelly now!" she cried, throwing her arms about the common mother. Jenny, whom she had not noticed, leant back upon the carriage, looking at her with eyes that glowed under his dark brows. He had always stood by Innocent since the day when he had read Greek to her in the Lady's Walk; he had always been sure that "something would come of her." "We don't know half what Innocent will come to!" he repeated now to himself.

THE END.

## THE WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

NOW that through the intrepidity and restless spirit of American enterprise this vast and hitherto unexplored region is becoming gradually more known, we stand almost overpowered in the presence of its stupendous resources, as well as in that of some of its singular and sublime geographical features.

Although from the expedition, which, under the auspices of the Government, is at present engaged in the exploration of this far-off territory, we have not yet had any details of very great importance, we have already been enabled, through private sources, to lay before our readers some photographic views taken in this land of wonders, and we now recur to the subject by producing yet another series of engravings illustrative of it, together with a portrait of Dr. F. V. Hayden, United States geologist—a gentleman still in harness in the Rocky Mountains, and whose profound attainments and early researches in this realm of mysteries entitled him to implicit confidence and the most distinguished consideration. Notwithstanding that the

### VALLEY OF THE YELLOWSTONE

is so highly volcanic, it may without exaggeration be termed one of the most fertile regions on this continent, if not in the whole world. Here Nature, in every possible phase, seems to assert herself in the wildest profusion and magnificence. Vast stretches of forests, mighty mountain-gorges, thundering cataracts, stately rivers, splendid lakes, and flowery plains spreading to the skies in grand vistas of meadow-land, where the tall and luxuriant grass reaches to the waist of the adventurous explorer, show upon what a gigantic scale she has chosen to manifest her greatness in one of the loftiest, if not the very loftiest portion of the western continent. When referring on a former occasion to this interesting and important region, we made but a few general observations on

### YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

As, however, a portion of this fine sheet of water is to be found represented pictorially in our present number, we shall be a little more diffuse upon the subject, and say that it is possessed of many peculiarities worthy of note. In the first place, then, throughout its whole extent of twenty miles in length by fifteen in width there are no fish to be found save salmon-trout, while, as if to make up for this lack of variety beneath its waves, its surface is thronged with swans, pelicans, gulls, geese, brants, many sorts of duck and dippers. Herons and sand-hill cranes also are plentiful upon its borders. Immense flocks of pelicans and stately swans are to be observed constantly sailing together, while at nightfall all the low islands in the lake become absolutely white with them. The first explorers constructed a rude raft for the purpose of visiting those islands; but it was soon wrecked by the gales that came down fierce and swift from the mountains, many of whose lofty peaks are lost in the clouds. The geological expedition, however, to which Dr. Hayden belonged, took the precaution to carry the framework of a little craft from Fort Ellis, which was covered with tarred canvas, and which was the first boat ever launched on this immense sheet of crystal. The shores of this shining expanse are beautifully wooded and varied in form, but, strange to say, not a single shell or shell-fish is to be found upon them. For a long distance outward, however, the bottom of the lake is covered with a luxuriant subaqueous vegetation, which in stormy weather strews the strand like help along the sea-coast. In addition, numerous

### HOT SPRINGS

such as the one shown in our engraving, rear their cones above its surface, some of which are in a state of constant action. A marked peculiarity of these geysers is, that when, in the lapse of time, they have exhausted their internal fires, their cones, like the dying dolphin, assume many brilliant hues, which, in the sunlight flash and scintillate in a manner the most gorgeous. We present an illustration of one of this latter class of worn-out volcanoes—an

### EXTINCT HOT SPRING.

on the banks of the Yellowstone River, where it issues from this "the most beautiful lake on the continent," as Dr. Hayden observes. The whole valley, however, may be said to be strewn with those silent mounds, that had preyed upon their own fiery vitals until they were totally consumed; although the number still active and pouring forth volumes of steam and liquid mud indicate strongly how powerful the volcanic agencies that still ceaselessly work below the surface of the earth. Of

### CASTLE GEYSER AND SPRING,

we give a front and back view—the one in connection with Fire-hole Basin, as seen when entering the valley along the river from the east, and the other presenting the opposite side of the castle-like pile and the magnificent circular spring that forms so important a feature in the foreground. This geyser is the largest and most magnificent formation in the valley. The entire mound is about forty feet high, and the chimney twenty feet. The crystallizations towards its summit are of great variety and beauty. It has been known to throw a column of water to the height of sixty feet, with the roar of thunder and amid vast volumes of steam.

Such are a few features of this interesting and distant portion of this great Republic; and now that the region is being explored with intelligence and perseverance, we have but little doubt that ere long we shall be able to lay before our readers some new and interesting information on the subject.

The very latest advices from the Yellowstone Expedition inform us that the steamer *Josephine*, commanded by Captain Grant Marsh, has been successful in passing the rapids and obstruction near Powder River, reported by General Forsythe, and has proceeded up the Yellowstone with a load of forage for the expedition. The *Josephine* is a new boat, built at Pittsburgh expressly for the Yellowstone River, and was only completed on the 15th of last month. She is 180 feet long, 51 feet broad, 4 feet deep, and draws 16 inches of water. She will carry 400 tons. Captain Marsh thinks that the river could be navigated to the Big Horn, 200

miles further up the stream. The *Josephine* had no difficulty whatever at the rapids; she made her way against the current at the rate of five miles an hour, so that we may presume this expedition promises to be an eminent success.

## THE COLORADO PLAINS.

THE landscape of the Plains is full of life, full of charm—lonely, indeed, but never wearisome. Now great rolling uplands of enormous sweep, now boundless grassy plains, there is all the grandeur of monotony, and yet continual change. Sometimes the grand distances are broken by blue buttes or rugged bluffs. Over all there is a sparkling atmosphere and never-falling breeze; the air is bracing even when most hot; the sky is cloudless, and no rain falls. A solitude which no words can paint, the boundless prairie swell conveys an idea of vastness which is the overpowering feature of the Plains.

Maps do not remove the impression produced by views. The Arkansas River, which is born and dies within the limit of the Plains, is two thousand miles in length, and is navigable for eight hundred miles. The Platte and Yellowstone are each of them as long. Into the Plains and Plateau you could put all India twice. The impression is not merely one of size. There is perfect beauty, wondrous fertility, in the lonely steppe; no patriotism, no love of home, can prevent the traveler wishing here to end his days.

The resemblance to the Tartar plains has been remarked by Coloradoan writers; it may be traced much further than they have carried it. Not only are the earth, air and water much alike, but in Colorado, as in Bokhara, there are oil-wells and mud volcanoes. The color of the landscape is, in Summer, green and flowers; in Fall-time, yellow and flowers, but flowers ever.

The eastern and western portion of the Plains are not alike. In Kansas the grass is tall and rank; the ravines are filled with cottonwood, hickory and black walnut; here and there are squares miles of sunflowers, from seven to nine feet high. As we came west, we found that the sunflowers dwindled, and at Denver they are only from three to nine inches in height, the oddest little plants in nature, but thorough sunflowers for all their smallness. We found the buffalo in the eastern plains in the long bunch-grass, but in the winter they work to the west in search of the sweet juicy "blue grass," which they rub out from under the snow in the Coloradoan Plains. This grass is so short that, as the story goes, you must lather it before you can now it. The "blue grass" has high vitality; if a wagon train is camped for a single night among the sunflowers or tall weeds, this crisp turf at once springs up and holds the ground for ever.

The most astounding feature of these Plains is their capacity to receive millions, and swallowing them up, to wait open-mouthed for more. Vast and silent, fertile yet waste, field-like yet untilled, they have room for the Huns, the Goths, the Vandals, for all the teeming multitudes that have poured and can pour from the plains of Asia and Central Europe. Twice as large as Hindoostan, more temperate, more habitable, nature has been placed here hedgeless, gateless, free to all—a green field for the support of half the human race, unclaimed, untouched, awaiting smiling, hands and plow.

There are two curses upon this land. Here, as in India, the rivers depend on the melting of distant snows for their supplies, and in the hot weather are represented by beds of parched white sand. So hot and dry is a great portion of the land, that crops require irrigation. Water for drinking purposes is scarce; artesian bores succeed, but they are somewhat costly for the Coloradoan purse, and the supply from common wells is brackish. This, perhaps, may in part account for the Western mode of "prospecting" after water, under which it is agreed that if none be found at ten feet, a trial shall be made at a fresh spot. The thrifless ranchman had sooner find bad water at nine feet than good at eleven.

Irrigation by means of dams and reservoirs, such as those building in Victoria, is but a question of cost and time. The never-failing breezes of the Plains may be utilized for water-raising, and with water all is possible. Even in the mountain plateau, overspread as it is with soda, it has been found, as it has been by French farmers in Algeria, that, under irrigation, the more alkali the better corn crop.

## GOSSIP OF THE GRANGES.

**THE San Jose (Cal.) Grange numbers over 300 patrons.**

The California State Grange will meet in San Jose, in October.

A County Grange will be established at Santa Cruz in a few weeks.

A Grange was organized at Stonersville, Berks County, Pa., August 1st.

Fifty members of the Grange at Napa, Cal., own property worth \$1,125,000.

The Mississippi State Grange will have its annual meeting at Jackson, September 9th.

The Nebraska State Grange was organized August 24, 1872, with 15 subordinates; now there are 300.

The farmers of Kansas organized a State Grange at Lawrence on the 30th ult. Delegates from 409 Granges were present.

A large number of the Grangers and the members of the Jackson County (Mo.) Horticultural Society, met at Lee Summit, August 2d.

The farmers of Buttes County, Cal., are jubilant over the announcement that officers are about making a tour of the county to institute new Granges.

Special Deputy N. W. Garretson, of the Patrons of Husbandry, left Napa County, Cal., July 26th, for Oregon and Washington Territory, to organize State and subordinate Granges.

W. Dudley Adams, Master of the National Grange, and A. B. Smedley, Master of the Iowa State Grange, have both resisted the lascivious pleasing of the political lute. They were wanted for Senators.

The Lawrence (Kan.) *Tribune* is glad to see so judicious an adviser as Judge Hanway among the Grangers. He is one of the best men, as well as one of the best farmers in Kansas. If the Grangers turn a deaf ear to all the played-out political shysters who try to inveigle them, and listen to the counsels of such intelligent and honest counselors as Judge Hanway, they will not be likely to go far astray.

At the organization of the Central Council of Patrons of Husbandry of Cass County, Missouri, a series of resolutions were adopted, of which the following is one: "Since Abram Comingo was unmindful of the true interests of his constituents in his recent acts of Congress, and, as we have no further use for him, we ask that he resign his seat in the XLIIIrd United States Congress." The Grangers have not yet forgotten the "salary steal."

The Grangers of McLean County, Ill., had a convention August 1st, at Bloomington. They ask all people to unite in the formation of a new party upon the platform of protection to honest industry in all its branches against the encroachments of aggregated capital, of exact justice to all classes and special privileges to none; opposition to salary grabs; economy in all departments of the public service; honesty and capacity the only test for public office.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### NEW ENGLAND.

**MAINE.**—The State Fair opens at Bangor, September 16th.

The Common Council of Portland shows its good sense in offering to exempt from taxation for ten years a prospective cotton establishment.

Sisters of Mercy are converting the old Furbish mansion at Portland into an orphan asylum.

The new Freeport High School, to be erected this season on a site presented to that town by the Hon. S. A. Holbrook, is to be one of the most imposing school structures in Cumberland County.

A fine Masonic hall at Week's Mills, in South China, has just been completed and dedicated.

The Army and Navy of the Gulf had their annual banquet at Portland, on the 6th, Admiral Bailey presiding.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—The Legislature has fixed the capacity of milk cans, when milk is sold by wholesale, at eight quarts, and required the cans to be sealed annually.

The Fourth Regiment will hold its annual reunion at Nashua, September 3d.

Professor Silas H. Pearl, Principal of the New Hampshire Normal School, died at his residence in Plymouth, August 4th.

**VERMONT.**—Over 1,000 men are now at work in the Rutland marble quarries.

The Art Gallery connected with the Athenæum in St. Johnsbury Village is now open to the public.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—The annual show of the Sterling Farmers' Club occurs this year on September 17th. Address by Rev. Daniel Round, of Norfolk.

The Labor Reform State Convention assembled at Lowell, on the 6th.

John Biglin is said to have declined the prize-money of the Ward Biglin race, on the ground that Ellis was sick and unable to row.

An observatory has just been completed on the northern and highest crest of Mount Mettawampee, or Tobey, as it is commonly called.

W. G. Mitchell, of Gunnington, a graduate of Williams College in 1870, and recently professor in Monson Academy, will succeed George H. White as principal of the Hadley High School.

**CONNECTICUT.**—The fat men of the State convene at Norwalk, on the 23th, to eat clams and compare weights.

On motion of sundry defendants in the *Crédit Mobilier*, suits for an extension of time in which to file their answers to the Government Bill, Judge Shipman, of Hartford, has fixed upon the first Monday in October.

A three-mile canoe race will take place at New Haven the latter part of August. Four tribes of Indians will be represented by the contestants.

The third annual Fall meeting of the Valley Park Company will take place on August 27th and 28th, at Wolcottville. There will be seven races, the highest for \$1,200.

The fifty-seventh anniversary of the organization of the New Haven Grays occurs on the 13th of September.

The dedication of the new park of the Schuetzen-Verein, of Bridgeport, occurred on the 4th.

The members of the New Capitol Commission held their first meeting in New Haven on the 4th.

Mr. G. W. Burnham, of New York, who presented the bronze statue of the late Bishop Brownell to Trinity College, some time ago, is to supplement that memorial with another monument to the bishop's memory in Cedar Hill Cemetery, Hartford.

**RHODE ISLAND.**—The Neptune Yacht Club, composed of leading colored men in a number of New England cities, have bought a tract of land on Narragansett Bay.

The members of the Diplomatic Corps in Newport are agitating the question of giving a grand ball.

### THE MIDDLE STATES.

**NEW YORK.**—The National Temperance Convention will assemble at Saratoga Springs, August 27th.

**NEW YORK CITY.**—It is reported that 300 men, mostly Americans, have been enlisted for the Cuban army.

There are great complaints against the Rendering Company for dumping dead horses in the Bay, whence they float to the bathing localities.

Judge Ingraham has decided that the will of the late Judge McCunn is valid in every respect.

The tenants of Washington and Fulton Markets, ousted by the Board of Health, are fighting that body in the Courts.

Sharkey, condemned to be hanged on the 15th, got drunk, insulted his counsel and brother, and threatened his keeper. A friend smuggled brandy into the Tombs for him.

**NEW JERSEY.**—The Industrial Exhibition at Newark opens September 1st.

The Second Brigade N.G.S.N.Y. goes into a five days' encampment at Cape May on the 18th.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—The Democratic State Convention will be held at Wilkesbarre, commencing August 27th.

The National Commercial Convention meets in Pittsburgh on the first Tuesday of next September.

Right Eminent Grand Commander Sir Grant Weidman has issued orders commanding all the Masonic Knights Templar of Philadelphia to hold themselves in readiness for parade, to attend the consecration of the commandery rooms or asylum at the new Temple, at high twelve o'clock, on Tuesday, September 30th.

### THE SOUTH.

**MARYLAND.**—Berlin, in Worcester County, gives promise of being the Southern watering-place, and a rival of Long Branch.

The Republican State Convention meets at Frederick, September 12th.

**MISSISSIPPI.**—The Republican State Convention meets in Jackson, August 27th.

J. S. Cain, of Okaloosa, has been elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F.

**LOUISIANA.**—The Marine Hospital, on Common Street, New Orleans, which cost the Government nearly half a million dollars, was sold at auction Thursday for \$51,000.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.**—The eighth annual feast of the Washington Schuetzen-Verein commenced August 4th, with a large procession.

Professor Hayden, of the Rocky Mountain expedition, reports attaining the summit of Mount Lincoln, an elevation of 44,300 feet.

The reannexation of Alexandria to the District will come up at the Fall election.

The Southern Claims Commission, which has been in session two years, has now 22,295 claims, representing over \$56,000,000, registered.

An appropriation having been made to connect the Life-saving stations with the Signal Service Bureau, Captain Howgate, of General Myers's office, is inspecting the stations on the Long Island and New Jersey coasts, with reference to the location of the necessary apparatus.

The Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington is in receipt of information that valuable deposits of gold have been discovered by army officers stationed in Alaska.

The postal treaty between the United States and Japan is signed. The United States Post Office at San Francisco is the office of exchange with Japan.

**VIRGINIA.**—The Conservative State Convention met in Richmond, and nominated General James L. Kemper for Governor.

**TEXAS.**—The Republican State Convention meets on the 20th of August in Dallas.

### THE WEST.

**IOWA.**—The farmers of Delaware County will have a "Harvest Home" festival at Bailey's Ford, August 27th.

**OHIO.**—Miss Mattie McClellan Brown is on her way to England as the accredited representative of the Good Templars of Ohio.

The Constitutional Convention adjourned, August 8th to meet in Cincinnati, December 2d.

The Democratic State Convention, at Columbus, nominated William Allen, of Russ County, for Governor.

**WISCONSIN.**—The State Republican Convention will be held in Madison, August 27th.

The ladies of Janesville are taking energetic steps in the cause of temperance. They have held a mass meeting, indulged in a parade, and presented the Common Council a petition signed by 1,250 of their sex.

There will be a meeting of the Spiritualists of Northern Wisconsin at Omro, October 10th, 11th and 12th.

The Ripon Fair will be held September 15th, 16th and 17th.

The Outagamie County Fair comes off September 17th, 18th and 19th.

The second annual fair of the Portage County Agricultural Society will be held at Amherst, September 22d, 23d and 24th.

The Crawford County Agricultural Society will hold its annual fair at Seneca, on the 1st, 2d and 3d of October.

The Sank County Fair will be held at Baraboo, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday, September 16th, 17th and 18th.

A German National Constitutional State Convention was held at Milwaukee on the 6th.

**MINNESOTA.**—The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the organization of the First National Bank of Owatonna, with a capital of \$50,000.

The fifth State Musical Convention was held at St. Paul last week.

The State Conference of Methodists takes place at Anoka, October 14th.

**MISSOURI.**—Professor Orrin Root, Jr., son of the mathematical professor of that name at Hamilton College, has accepted the Presidency of Princeton Institute, at Glasgow, Howard County.

Judge Jones, of the Circuit Court of St. Louis, has decided that a man cannot bequeath money to have masses said for the repose of his soul.

The veterans of the Mexican War met in Lexington, and appointed delegates to attend the State mass meeting at St. Louis on the 8th of October.

The Texas cattle disease is making great havoc with the herds in Missouri. In Davies, DeKalb and Notaway Counties between two and three thousand cattle have already died from the disease.

**MICHIGAN.**—The colored people of Detroit and vicinity celebrated the anniversary of the emancipation in the West Indies.

**NEBRASKA.**—One hundred and sixty Russian families have arrived in Omaha, and will take up homesteads in Nebraska, 100 miles west of that city.

George Slade, of Palmyra, has sent to the State University a fossil tooth, picked up near that place. It measures 20 inches long and 8 inches in diameter.

Government surveyors in Northern and Northwestern Nebraska report discovering immense tracts of prime lands in a country heretofore supposed to be barren.

Omaha is to have a soap manufactory, with a capacity of 24,000 pounds daily.

### THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

**CALIFORNIA.**—The mountains of Verdugo, near Los Angeles, are said to be dotted with red men plants in stately bloom.

The Grand Tribe of the Independent Order of Red Men (German) began its annual session at San Francisco, on the 25th ult.

The San Francisco Cadets are going to New York to give exhibition drills.

The project of cutting a tunnel through the ridge between Bear River and the north fork of the American River, near Cape Horn, in Placer County, commences to assume a practical shape.

**OREGON.**—The Wallowa Valley, which has been claimed by the Nez Perce tribe of Indians for many years, has been ceded to them by the Interior Department.

A fire broke out in Portland on the 2d, which destroyed 15 squares of buildings.

### FOREIGN.

**GREAT BRITAIN.**—The Jesuits expelled from Germany have in part found a new home in the County of Lancashire, England. The fathers at once established a convent at Dillon Hall, with nearly 100 inmates.

Parliament was prorogued on the 5th.

**GERMANY.**—The new German tariff act reduces largely the duties on raw and manufactured iron, and at the end of three years takes off all custom dues on this material.

The German Government has instructed its representatives in Spain to co-operate with other powers in protecting foreigners and their property.

Captain Werner, who recently seized the *Vigilante*, is to be removed from the command of the German squadron in the Mediterranean.

**FRANCE.**—The Prefect of Lyons has issued an order requiring all public gardens in that city to be closed at nine o'clock in the evening.

M. Odilon Barrot, Vice-President of the Council of State, died recently, aged 82 years.

The interview between the Count de Chambord and the Count de Paris was of a most cordial nature, and the political situation in France was not alluded to during their conversation.

French troops have entered Nancy, which was lately evacuated by the Germans.

**JAPAN.**—The mines in Yesso are to be worked by a special department under Enomoto.

The Government has decided that, in future, no students shall be sent abroad at the expense of the State, for their education, until they have passed a satisfactory examination as to their qualifications, and particularly as to their acquaintance with the language of the country to which they will be sent.

**SPAIN.**—The insurgents at Cadiz have surrendered to the national troops.

The insurgent fleet has landed a detachment at Motril on the coast of the province of Granada.

The Government is concentrating a large force of gendarmes in Madrid for the purpose of disarming the disaffected militia battalions.

Since the opening of the bombardment, 200 shells have been thrown into Valencia, and the troops have advanced 600 yards. The insurgents are making a most obstinate resistance.

**CHINA.**—Since July 1st, the China Submarine Telegraph Company is styled and known as the "Eastern Extension, Australasian, and China Telegraph Company, Limited." A uniform charge of \$25 will be made for every telegram of twenty words to Europe.

The recent uprising at Kanesh is explained by the state ment that the cause of sending 30,000 men there, ostensibly to fight the Mohammedans, was really to be prepared for a fancied Russian advance.



## COUNTRY BOARD.

## A CITY CLERK'S VACATION.

THE experience of poor Jones proves that all things are not what they seem, especially advertisements of country board. The one that poor Jones saw was tempting; it called before his mind visions of resplendent beauty on Long Island's sea-girt shore. If the description was correct, poor Jones

COUNTRY BOARD on Long Island. Carriage for the use of the boarders. No musquitoes. Large, airy rooms. Fine society. Would be treated as one of the family. Still-water bathing at the door. Surf-bathing within walking distance. Boarders who have tried this place a season always return. Address, PROPRIETOR, Hazel Dell.

## STILL-WATER BATHING,

he was advised by the advertisement, was near the door. And so it was, but always occupied by two female neighbors, who he, in his anger, thought were piggish. And the surf-bathing he found, by an ineffectual trial of his legs to reach it, was miles away. One portion of the advertisement poor Jones found to be true—that which related to the return of the boarders after a season's trial. His season



"CARRIAGE FOR THE USE OF THE BOARDERS—NO MUSQUITOES."



"LARGE AIRY ROOMS, WITH SPLENDID VIEWS OF SURROUNDING SCENERY."

was justified in accepting the invitation of the proprietor at Hazel Dell to make his house his home during a ten-days vacation. Especially did the fancy of the

## CARRIAGE FOR THE BOARDERS' USE

flatter him into believing that he should have splendid rides. So he thought that after a journey behind the fiery steed he would find the

## LARGE AND AIRY ROOMS

an elegant retreat from the heat and fatigues of the day, forgetful that in country places the ceiling sometimes comes down to meet a man as he enters under it. Then, too, in the advertisement was a charm in the conveyed information that the neighbors were friendly, and that he would be treated

## AS ONE OF THE FAMILY,

as he was, with looks from great eyes out of great bonnets from a score or so of neighbors, poor Jones! Every mouthful he ate was watched, and every eating muscle of his face was surveyed with neighborly curiosity from under the bonnets.

One of the most earnest delights of country boarding, the pleasure of



"FINE SOCIETY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD—WOULD BE TREATED AS ONE OF THE FAMILY."

was one day, and on the following morning he did

## RETURN—HOME.

Moral: Never trust an advertisement unless it is proved true by Illustrated Journalism.

## THE CRADLE OF THE RACES.

AROUND the central tableland of Asia are found the three organic and fundamental types of man, that is to say, the white, the yellow and the black. The black type has been somewhat scattered, though it is still found in the south of Japan, in the Malay Peninsula, in the Andaman Isles, and in the Philippines, at Formosa. The yellow type forms a large portion of the actual population of Asia, and it is well-known when it came those white hordes that invaded Europe at times prehistoric and in more recent ages; those conquerors belonged to the Aryan or Persian race, and they came from Central Asia. We shall see now that the different languages of the globe resolve themselves into three fundamental forms: monosyllabic languages, in which each word contains but one syllable; agglutinative languages,



"STILL-WATER BATHING AT THE DOOR—SURF-BATHING WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE."

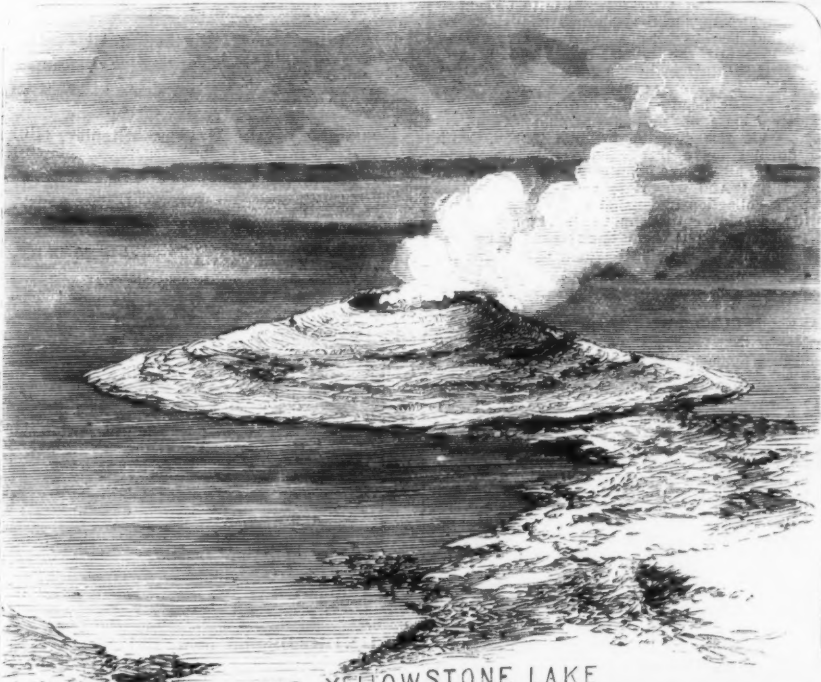


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in which the words are connected: and inflected languages, which are the same as those spoken in Europe. Now, those three general forms of language are, at the present day, to be met with around the central tableland of Asia. The monosyllabic language is spoken throughout China, and in the different States connected with that Empire. The agglutinative languages are spoken to the north of this plain, and extend as far as Europe. And, lastly, inflected languages are found in all that portion of Asia which is occupied by the white race.

## INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

### GREECE—SUBURBS OF ATHENS.

WE could not be content to visit Athens without seeing something of the interior of Greece, and our first journey was to Eleusis, situated about thirteen miles from the capital, on the northernmost shore of the bay covered by the Isle of Salamis. The road to Piræus and that to Eleusis are the best in all Greece, and, indeed, they are very good. We passed through the olive groves, which occupy the richest part of the plain of Athens, crossed the precious waters of the Cephissus, and soon commenced the ascent of the hills leading to the pass of Daphne, through which lay the road to Eleusis. The Monastery of Daphne is the first object of interest after leaving the city. It is supposed to occupy the site of a Temple of Apollo, and many finely carved marbles, built at random into its walls, give an appearance of truth to the suspicion. From one of the walls of this monastery three Ionic columns were removed by Lord Elgin, and are now in the British Museum. The dilapidated courtyard was full of Cretans, about a hundred of the refugees having found shelter in this ruinous place. They are, generally, a very handsome people, with a beauty of which neither sickness nor idleness can deprive them. Among the groups we noticed one or two children, their eyes nearly closed with smallpox, which is very rare among the "Cretans," as our servant called them.

I never meet these people without thinking that St. Paul grievously wronged them. Suppose, in the immortal work which contains his Epistle to Titus, he had written to a Bishop of London concerning the Londoners as he did to the Bishop of Crete—"One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, The Cretans are liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true"—might we not have found such a universal publication as this of the opinion of Epimenides a heavy weight to carry upward on the path of improvement? I think there are liars in the Levant, but I don't think the Cretans excel others in that respect; they are certainly not evil beasts, or, with 50,000 cast dependents upon Greece, they would have infested every path with bands of robbers and murderers. And whatever "slow bellies" may mean, I don't think that is true; their appetites seem voracious, though they are not suffering from want of food, and a Greek who had fought with them for a year, told me that on their stomachs, on all fours, or on their feet, they were the most active irregular soldiery that ever handled a musket against an enemy.

There were the materials for a striking picture in the courtyard of the monastery of Daphne, through which we passed to the chapel. The dome of this building, mosaiced with a fine head of Christ, had been blackened with fire by the Turks, and the features spotted with pistol-bullets by enraged Moslems who tried ineffectually to hold the Pass of Daphne against the Greeks. This chapel is older than the Mohammedan occupation, and a large sarcophagus ornamented with the *fleur-de-lis*, now rudely mounted upon the top of one still more ancient, showed this to have been the burial-place of one of those French Dukes of Athens who reigned in Attica during the fourteenth century. From a military point of view, the position is important, and from the roof may be traced remains of almost every domination the soil has known. The ruined walls are the work of Venetians, and a broken minaret tells of the departed service of Mohammed. But the scene which we most wished to call to our fancy was the great Athenian procession crowding joyously through the pass to celebrate the Sacred Mysteries at Eleusis. This quinquennial festival is said to have been introduced at Athens as early as 1356 B.C. And as the glory of the city grew, these ceremonies increased in importance. I think they may be called the freemasonry of the Athenian citizens. Initiation was given to persons of all ages and both sexes, and death was the punishment of those who made an appearance without introduction.

Ceres, the presiding goddess, was propitiated with offerings of the fruits of the earth, and fish (generally the mullet) were also burned on her altars. Superstition the most extravagant, ceremonies the most curious, seem to have characterized these assemblies; but it is impossible, in contemplating the pure idealism of the temples of the Athenians, not to feel that their worship was an elevated, if an unsuccessful, attempt to reach the "Unknown God."

Not far from the monastery, upon the opposite side of a water-course to that on which we rode, a part of the ancient *Via Sacra* may still be seen—a narrow roadway, not more than ten feet wide, the lower side built up with rough stones cut from the bare rock it traverses. Here and there between the hills were a few patches of cultivated land, but the hills themselves, sloping gently to the road through the Pass, are bare blocks of whitish limestone. Descending, the view of the Bay of Eleusis is extremely beautiful, so land-locked by Salamis that all outlet is invisible, and the blue water appears to be that of a lake. All the hills of Salamis were mirrored in the calm sea, and as we rode round the gray sand of the semicircular shore, a succession of magnificent views opened before us. At one point we could command a distinct prospect of the Acro-Corinthos, the high stronghold of the city of Corinth, which the President, Capo d'Istria, wished to make the capital of Greece.

Behind it rose the broad snow-covered mountains of Peloponnesus; there were the squalid towns with the great names of Megara and Eleusis lying on the shore, and above them Mount Geranea and "dun Citheron's ridge." Eleusis is now a village in which there is no house having a second story. Most are built, like those in Turkish villages, of cakes of mud—the flat, mud roof supported by beams of timber. An Eleusinian told our servant that not infrequently these roofs decay and fall upon the tenants, with disagreeable and sometimes fatal results. There are a few neat cottages with sloping roofs, roughly built of stone, their interior consisting of one room, with the flattened soil for a floor, in which all the operations, sleeping and waking, of the family are carried on. In a small space lying between some of these cabins and a high rock, probably the Acropolis of Eleusis, the ground is strewn with blocks of white marble, the ruins, it is supposed, of the Propylæa to the Temple of Ceres.

## ICICLES.

AN old saw—Esau.

OLD maids have elbeaux.

BODY-SNATCHERS—Dressmakers.

A WATER-CURE—Chaplain of a ship.

CHANGES of a century—Old clothes.

THE Bible mentions the first Jael bird.

TO CURE the itch for office, scratch the ticket.

ALL but oarsmen are content with single sculls.

A HUNTER who always bags his game—The rag-man.

If the man in the moon keeps a dog, we will bet two to one it is a sky-terrier.

It is said, to be perfectly consistent, Miss Anthony always concludes her prayers with "Amen and women."

DRINKERS in this country can hardly be called heathens, but still the great idea with them is a jug-or-not.

YOUNG AMERICA, going to bed, handed over his new trumpet, saying, "Grandmamma, you blow while I pray."

AN American recently met an old schoolfellow in Florence. "You here?" "Yes, my dear fellow; I have just been married, and am come to pass the honeymoon in Italy." "And your wife?" "My wife? Oh, I left her in New York!"

A YOUNG man from the country, after walking into the post-office the other day, and dropping an unstamped letter into the box, remarked gleefully to a companion as they went: "Don't say anything about it, but I beat the Government out of three cents that time."

A COUNTRY clergyman, paying a professional visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual questions: "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded minister, "I am glad you are, for the neighbors are willing."

ONE afternoon, when the late Judge Oakley was holding Court, a man, summoned to serve as a juror, begged to be excused. The Judge asked the reason, when the man, walking up to his honor, whispered, "I don't want it mentioned, Judge, but I've got the itch." "Scratch him off—scratch him off!" shouted the Judge, excitedly.

As a fashionable young lady, fresh from boarding-school, came to her honest father's breakfast table, instead of speaking English and saying, "Good-morning," she spoke French, and said, "Bonjour." "Of course, the bone's yours, if you say so," responded the practical old gentleman, as he handed her the ossified portion of a beef-steak.

A SANCTUM-ONIOUS SCENE.—BOY—"Please, sir, mother wants a dime's worth of old newspapers." Clerk—"What does she want them for?" Boy—"She wants 'em for to make bustles for herself and sister Sal and Julie." Clerk—"Ten cents' worth won't go around—it won't buy enough for one." Boy—"They don't want it all around. They only pile 'em on behind."

A YOUNG gentleman telegraph operator in Hartford, after repeated calls for a young lady operator in another office, at last got a response, and then telegraphed back to her: "I have been trying to get you for the last half-hour!" In a moment the following spicy reply came tripping back to him over the wires, from the telegraphic maiden: "That's nothing. There is a young man here been trying to do the same thing for the last two years, and he hasn't got me yet."

AN aged couple on Wooster Street are very fond of checkers, and play quite frequently. When he beats her at the game she loses her temper, and declares she will not play again. It vexes him to have her act so, but he controls the irritation, and talks to her about it. He tells her how wrong it is for people at their age in life to be disturbed by such trifles, and shows her so clearly the folly of such a course, that she becomes ashamed of her weakness and returns to the game, and plays it so well that she beats him. Then he throws the checkers in one direction and kicks the board in another, and says he will never play with anybody who cheats so alderly, and stalks moodily to bed, and leaves her to pick up the things.

A YOUNG married friend tells a good joke on himself, perpetrated by a little three-year-old "pride of the family." A few evenings since a minister visited the family, and remained until after tea. At the table the reverend visitor asked the blessing, and the little one opened her eyes to the fullest extent in startled wonderment. When they left she walked up to the minister, for whom she had formed a great friendship, and said, "What did you say at the table before we commenced eating?" "My little darling, I thanked God for His goodness in giving us to eat, so that we might grow and be strong." "Papa don't say that." "What does your papa say?" "Papa says, 'Godlemighty, what a supper!'"

ONE of the wittiest of men, and one of the most irreverent, was the German poet Heine. Here is a specimen: "I have the most peaceable disposition. My desires are a modest cottage with thatched roof, good bed, good fare, fresh milk and butter, flowers by my window, and a few fine trees before the door; and if the Lord wished to fill up my cup of happiness, He would grant me the pleasure of seeing some six or seven of my enemies hanged on those trees. With a heart moved to pity, I would, before their death, forgive the injury they had done me during their lives. Yes, we ought to forgive our enemies—but not until they are hanged." If those enemies of the poet had only been "drawn and quartered," as well as hanged, the power of forgiveness could no further go.

A PHYSICIAN in a small town in Maine had long been pestered by little street Arabs, who came to peddle candy. At last, when patience had ceased to be a virtue, he told the boy to go into the next room, where there was a fellow who had a sweet tooth in his head. The young peddler went in, and his eyes fell on an all-grinning skeleton awing and nodding in the breeze. The boy's hair stood on end, his tongue palsied, and he dropped his stock-in-trade instantaneously, and scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him. The physician, a kind-hearted man withal, and very tall and lank, by-the-way, fearing that he had carried the joke too far, picked up the candy and ran to the sidewalk, crying out, "Come back, boy, there's nothing here to hurt you." "Oh, no," said the boy, gesticulating with his thumb and fingers from the end of his nose, "you don't come that on me; I know ye, if you have got your clothes on."

A FRENCH musician has been creating considerable social and public disturbances by his inveterate disposition to play—critical jokes. Going to London, he became such a nuisance that the guardians of the peace were only glad when his musical engagements were over, and he left for France. A

favorite amusement of his was to leave his lodging with a dressing-case in his hand, and going to a cab station, to select a certain vehicle; getting inside, he would direct the cabby to drive to some public square, selecting one of the most thronged in London. Inside the cab, our practical joker would take off his coat, put on a *robe de chambre*, and then proceed to unpack his dressing-case. A small mirror would be hung to the carriage-windows, and on the seats would be arranged all the articles for a most luxurious shave. The streets would presently become impassable, and a policeman would enter on the scene, edging his way with difficulty through the crowd, and the matter would end by the arrest of the practical joker as a disturber of the public peace. Before the magistrate, when condemned to pay a fine, the musician would allege "that London was so dark, so foggy, that he never could see to shave himself except in the street, and not liking to sit on the curbstone or on the house-top, he had thought that a cab transformed into a dressing-room was not only the most ingenious, but a very intelligent way of getting rid of his superfluous beard." His chief object in life seemed to be to worry Custom House officials. Arriving at some particular country, provided with a quantity of baggage, he would pretend to conceal a huge trunk and a smaller one from the eyes of the officials, only the more to excite their curiosity. At last the larger trunk would be opened. It would be found to contain thousands of second-hand pantaloons straps, an appendix of trousers now perfectly obsolete. They had evidently been packed by hydraulic pressure, for the most frantic efforts on the part of the employees would not put them back again into the trunk. In the meantime hundreds of passengers were storming at the detention, while the practical joker calmly looked on at the bother he was causing. But the second and smaller trunk was now to be examined, and the Custom House people hoped there to find him in default. They ask for the keys. The practical joker draws bunches of ponderous keys from every one of his pockets; none will fit, until, at last, their patience exhausted, the Custom House officers threaten to burst the trunk open. Then the possessor of this trunk calmly asks the angry officer if he is married. "What is that your business?" is the surly reply. "Only this: that before you open that trunk I would advise you to go home, shake hands with your wife, kiss your little children, write your will, and call at an undertaker's as you come back—there are rattlesnakes in that trunk. I never travel without them." Of course, the man leaves the trunk instantly, and a messenger has to be sent to the head director, who is shrewd enough to be aware that he has to deal with some practical joker. Presently the official returns, and asks, pompously: "How many snakes have you, sir?" "Only six," is the reply; look for yourself." "Oh, only six!" The head of the department says six snakes can pass, but that seven would have to pay duty. I am also directed to state to you, that if you do not leave this office—pantaloons-strap, snakes, and all—in five minutes you will be forcibly ejected." And who is to repack my precious straps, a collection unequalled in the history of the world? The law entitles me to all my goods. You took them out; put them back again. The best period of my life is being devoted to finding pairs for these straps."

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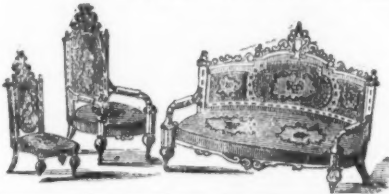
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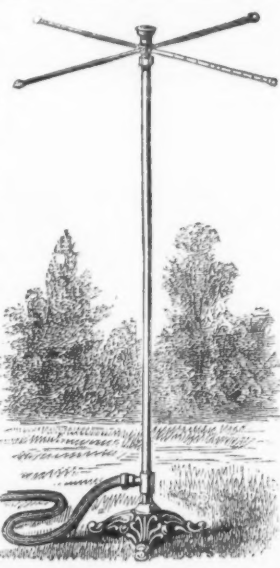
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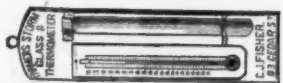
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